

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING AMERICAN WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.
CHAS. B. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

AGRICULTURAL

TESTING NEW PLANTS.

A COMMENDABLE anxiety is evinced by American farmers to add to the list of valuable plants, to obtain which they are willing to pay a reasonable, and sometimes a very unreasonable, price. This desire is too often taken advantage of by those who are willing to "turn an honest penny," and hence every year many wonderful things are advertised, which, if the owners could be believed, are far superior to anything ever before cultivated or known. The most of these are never heard of the second year, one season being sufficient to satisfy every experimenter that in buying seeds he unwittingly sold himself. The present spring we have seeds of a new coffee plant advertised, well suited to a northern climate, but which has no more relationship to genuine coffee than marrowfat peas. Most of our readers will remember the noise made last season about Japanese wheat, which proved to be nothing but a millet. Cases similar, and even more glaring, are doubtless familiar to all. The agricultural press has in most cases given timely caution, and saved the farmers of the country from both disappointment and loss.

A little knowledge of the general principles of botany would be of immense advantage to the practical class, and often save them from becoming the dupes of the ignorant or designing. That there is a growing interest in this department of knowledge, we have abundant evidence in the many inquiries we receive for information, and the great number of plants sent us for name. Some years ago a *Bromus* was advertised extensively under the name of *Willard's Bromus*. Now every farmer should know that there is not a member of the family worthy of cultivation; and the only one that has ever been considered worthy of the notice of the farmer is *Bromus arvensis*, and even this was discarded long since. Yet this *Bromus* of WILLARD, which was nothing but our common chess, (*Bromus secalinus*), was purchased by hundreds of farmers at four or five dollars a bushel. FLINT gives the following interesting account of this chess speculation:

"Nothing more clearly illustrates the want of accurate knowledge of subjects intimately connected with agriculture, and immediately affecting the farmers' interests, than the more recent history of the propagation of this worthless pest to our grain-fields. It was, within the memory of many farmers who suffered from it, heralded in the papers, in connection with the names of distinguished friends of agriculture, with the earnest hope that it might receive extended trials. Monstrous prices were charged and paid by the farmer for its seed, in many cases four and five dollars a bushel, a pledge being exacted that it should not be allowed to go to seed. Committees of agricultural societies were invited to examine and report upon it; and in a letter now lying before me, the disinterested propagator very kindly offers to put up ten barrels of bromus seed for one hundred dollars, saying that 'of course the earliest applicants will be sure of obtaining till all is gone, which would scarcely give a barrel to a State. * * * Years must elapse before the country can be supplied as it now is with herd-grass and clover seed. My offer invites co-operation and participation in the profits and pleasures now available'—for taking advantage of the honest credulity of the public?"

A quantity of bromus seed was sent to the State Farm of Massachusetts, for the purpose of experiment, with a letter with directions to sow with clover, in the spring of 1855. The crop was cut while yet green, and before the grass had developed sufficiently to distinguish it with certainty. The following year directions were given to let it stand later in the season. While engaged in the collection and study of specimens, in the course of the summer of 1856, I gathered samples of the grass when it was still immature. Without giving it a very close examination at the time, I pronounced it the *Bromus arvensis*, which, at that stage of its

growth, it very much resembles. A few days after, I was astonished to see it develop into chess, (*Bromus secalinus*.) This was the first ripe specimen of Willard's bromus I had seen. I examined it with care, and, to avoid the possibility of a mistake, I submitted specimens of it to Professor GRAY, of Cambridge, Mass., and to Professor DEWEY, of Rochester, New York, both of whom, after examination, pronounced it genuine chess.

But Mr. WILLARD having quoted from the report of a committee of an agricultural society, in which it was said that if a 'jury of cows should confirm the opinion of Mr. WILLARD as to the superiority of the grass, then will the agricultural community owe him a debt of gratitude for having introduced to notice here a species of grass which is highly beneficial on light, sandy soils, much superior to any other species, and producing most abundantly on land of better quality,' I directed it to be submitted to such a jury, which unhesitatingly pronounced a verdict." The cows preferred new swamp hay to the chess hay.

This chess operation should have answered for a century, yet in 1857 a variety of chess (*Bromus unioloides*.) was obtained by our government from Peru, and distributed through the Patent Office, which proved no more valuable and no less a nuisance than our common chess. Such facts prove the necessity of caution, and while we would not discourage agricultural experiments, or the testing of new plants that may become candidates for public favor, a word of timely caution may not be unnecessary or unprofitable.

SNOW-DRIFTS.

SNOW-DRIFTS are prominent features in New York landscapes during a portion of every year. I have heard artistically disposed persons eulogize their outlines, their immaculate color, and the matchless beauty of the crystal gems that form them. But I never saw a teamster badly "stuck" in a drift, who found anything to admire there—he always seemed to take a sober view of human life, and evidently regarded that particular snow-heap as an unmitigated nuisance.

Well! suppose the "war power," in the liberal exercise of its prerogatives, should close our thoroughfares, without any very apparent "military necessity," or compel us to go through by an immense expenditure of patience and horse flesh—should we not groan under such a "despotism?" Such non-intercourse acts would make a civil war, if we hadn't one before. I beg to remind you that snow-drifts, without any military necessity, do just that sort of thing. With no respect for men or their pressing needs, they forbid the use of the public highway, without previous notice! Who has not seen whole districts barricaded with snow day after day, and week after week—none of your "paper blockades," so harrowing to English sensibilities, but the genuine "effestual" sort, that stops you whether or no! Visits of pleasure, and the weightier demands of the pork market and apple trade, must all be held in abeyance. Children find infinite difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge, congregations grow small, and even stores and taverns for a while lose their victims.

At last delinquent path-masters make a kind of "track" for a "decoy!" Ignorant and unsophisticated, or perhaps compelled by business engagements, you venture forth upon the "wavy deep,"—your steeds struggle resolutely, but vainly, and at last sink exhausted in the pliant snow. I hope and pray that you are a good man, and-wont indulge in any unseemly remarks, or thoughts, either. You will please to unharass, and by dint of mud stamping or shoveling you will get your team out, and then your vehicle. My horse has been laid up for a week since getting out; may you have better luck.

Are drifts a necessity? Must we, and our children, and our children's children endure them for the term of our natural lives? Drifts are not a necessity. They may be avoided in every case, by attention to the following considerations:

First—Leave forest trees along the line of the highway where the general surface of the ground would induce drifts. A narrow strip of woods, if made thick by underbrush, or evergreen, would suffice. The trees would pay their way for fuel, (replacing the large ones removed by smaller,) and by the protection they would afford to crops, fences, and farm stock. Save belts of wood when you "clear" new countries, or put them out where they are needed. May we not be permitted to hope that the "intelligence of the age" will yet busy itself with the proper disposal of our forests, placing them where they will do the most good? Now, they are arranged by caprice, following this general rule: "Get them out of sight if possible, and by all means where they can do no good to the traveler."

Second—Drifts are generally occasioned by rail, or open board fences, and may be essentially prevented by substituting stone wall. Build a half-wall, and remove the top rails during the winter, and you will have little or no trouble from drifts. Many roads are blocked to the serious annoyance of the traveling public, that might remain open by substituting the half-wall, and that too, when such a fence would be as cheap as any other. The removal and return of the top rails would cost very little,

and would be the only expense of keeping the road open. Those who can get stones will please attend.

Third—There are large accumulations of snow in low places, which may be avoided by raising the road and depressing the fences. If nothing else will suffice, then throw up a turnpike, and the snow will blow off from it. This will benefit the road by making it more level and of course drier. In this case the road will be frequently bare, and a good track should be secured for sleighs at the side of the road, and indeed that should always be provided in all roads.

Fourth—It is better to take down rail fences, and put them up in the spring, than to expose travelers to the accumulated horrors of a drifted road.

Lastly, if we have a conservative party that will have drifts, and such time honored institutions, will they do us the favor, in the mean time, to keep the lots open and let us travel there; or if that boon is denied, will they put up stakes on both sides of the track so that we can keep over it, however giddy our elevation. Small favors will be thankfully received.—H. T. B.

THE FARMER AND ENTOMOLOGIST—No. II.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It was a pleasant day in the latter part of July, 1861, that tempted me to leave the "hurdy-gurdies," grinding HANDEL in the dusty streets of our populous town, to seek the quiet shade of the country or made vocal by its feathered songsters and chirping insects.

To the student of Nature, every nook or corner along the road side, every plant, shrub or tree, will afford matter for inspection and food for thought. Each season has its varied store, so that when the gay promise of spring is transformed into summer, glowing summer to the fruitful autumn, even winter, so cheerless, is not wholly void, but yields its objects for study and contemplation.

In my ramble, the following lines of J. N. BARKER occurred to me, when he says:

"Thanks to my humble nature, while I've limbs,
Tastes, senses, I'm determined to be rich;
So long as that alchemist, the sun,
Can transmute into gold what'er I like
On earth, in air or water! while a banquet
Is ever spread before me, in a hall
Of heaven's own building, perfumed with the breath
Of Nature's self, and ringing to the sounds
Of her own choristers."

In this mood, I came to the domicile of my worthy friend, JOHN HOEBANDE, Esq., who greeted me with a hearty welcome, adding, "By the by, I have a prisoner, a queer 'pup-bull-dog-headed' caterpillar. I caught the villain in the very act of cutting off entire bunches of green grapes, which I first noticed lying under the vines. Wondering what mischievous scamp was engaged at such work, lo and behold! I saw the rascal, and watched him till satisfied he was the culprit. I assure you I put an end to his depredations, and secured him for your inspection. I have read of caterpillars called 'sphinx.' I could conceive no better idea of such a monstrosity."

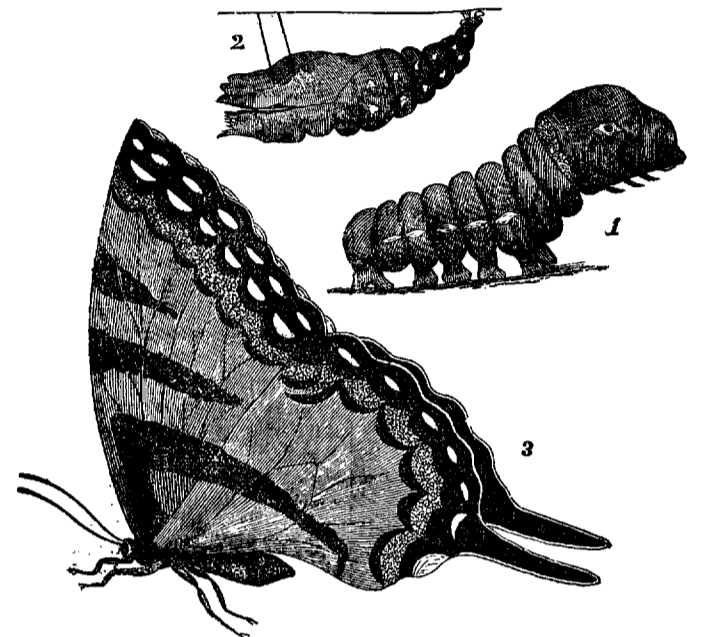
I supposed it to be one of those large caterpillars usually found on grapes, nearly allied to the genus sphinx, one of which Mr. HARRIS named *Philemopus*, which means "I love the vine." Mr. H. also says:—"The grape vine suffers still more severely from the ravages of another kind of sphinx caterpillar, smaller in size than that of the preceding [*Achemon*], and, like them, solitary in their habits, but more numerous; and, not content with eating the leaves alone, in their progress from leaf to leaf down the stem, they stop at every cluster of fruit, and, either from stupidity or disappointment, nip off the stalks of the half grown grapes, and allow them to fall to the ground untasted. I have gathered under a single vine above a quart of unripe grapes thus detached during one night by these caterpillars."

In the meantime the prisoner was brought forth and put on the stand. To my surprise, instead of the larva of the hawk moth family, I beheld in the criminal the evidence of belonging to a family heretofore unsuspected of mischief to the grape or fruit of any kind, that I am aware of, this being the larva of the genus *Papilio*, a tribe of diurnal or day-flying swallow-tailed butterflies.

"This is something new, friend JOHN," I said, "but no sphinx caterpillar. Are you sure that you have the guilty one?—his doings are so much like the caterpillars Mr. HARRIS mentions; and he was too wide awake to mistake this individual species for the class of hog-nosed caterpillars he speaks about, for they have the fourth and fifth joints or segments large, while the first, second and third are gradually smaller toward the small head; besides, they have either a curved horn or eye-like spot near the caudal extremity, and underho their transformations in the ground."

"That this is the criminal I will swear to," said honest JOHN, (though he is conscientious against swearing, and always "affirms" in court.)

"Well," said I, "that settles the question. This chap, you perceive, has the first three segments united into one above, with an eye-like spot on each side. The real head is what appears as merely a snout. There is also a series of small blue spots across the hind margin. The fourth and fifth segments are raised, and have no prolegs; the insect



A NEWLY DISCOVERED DEPREDATOR ON THE GRAPE VINE.

Fig. 1, Larva or Caterpillar. Fig. 2, The empty Chrysalis. Fig. 3, The Imago.—*Papilio*—?

supports itself with its caudal pair and four pairs of prolegs, when at rest, as you see. Now irritate the fellow with the point of a pin—there."

"Why, just see—the creature protrudes a forked tongue from the nape of its neck," exclaimed my friend, "and what a queer smell. What is the meaning of that?"

"That is a tentaculated, fleshy, furcate appendage, called the nuchal fork, or vulgarly, the 'stink horn,' and is no doubt a weapon of defense, in order to frighten off the insidious ichneumon fly, desirous to lodge an egg into its fat and smooth carcass. The common green, black and yellow spotted, or banded, caterpillar, found on the funnel and parsley, is provided with the fork, and when irritated, will give the head a toss, and thrust out the concealed, harmless stink horn, in shape much like the letter Y. These, when raised, are the larva of the *Papilio asterias*," but they have not the first three segments enlarged like the one under consideration, which latter is in character like the larva of the large yellow and black striped swallow-tailed butterfly, the *Papilio turnus*, found on the sassafras and spiceberry bushes in their larva state, only that they are green, with yellow edgings, while this individual before us is of a pinkish brown mottled color."

"The little attention I have paid to the transformation of insects, has only bothered me," said my friend. "I was induced," he continued, "a few years ago to satisfy myself that caterpillars turn into butterflies, and collected quite a number of different kinds. These I put into separate paper boxes, with a few of the leaves upon which they fed. I inspected my prisoners daily, and soon found them transformed into chrysalids—some suspended centrally by two threads and affixed by the tail, others by the tail only; others again were inclosed in silky cocoons; while the half perished. Subsequently, I actually found different kinds of butterflies and moths in my boxes, but, to my astonishment, in one I found a yellow, waspish insect that I knew did not belong to the *Lepidoptera*. This, I was afterward informed, was the *Trogus fulgens*, a parasitic, hymenopterous insect. I confess it is highly interesting, but alas! it don't pay, so I abandoned it to those having leisure or inclination for such pursuits; besides, there is no end to the matter—their name is legion."

"Truly," said I, "considering we have about four hundred genera and about two thousand species enumerated in a catalogue lately published by the Smithsonian Institute, they present a formidable palanx, and may all be brought under the three primary divisions;—those flying by daylight, the true butterflies, called *Diurnals*; those flying at twilight, the hawk moths, *Crepusculars*; and those on the wing during the night, the true moths or *Phalena*—the *Noctua*. When we consider that the females usually deposit from two to five hundred eggs, so that from one thousand different sorts there will be on an average three hundred thousand caterpillars, allowing one-half to be females, the second brood would consist of forty-five million and the third generation no less than six thousand seven hundred and fifty million. These being chiefly vegetable feeders, are highly injurious to our field and garden crops, and hence of interest to the farmer and pomologist. Besides," I continued, "they not only despoil the blossoms and fruit of our orchards, or disfigure them with their webs, some live in the solid timber, or in the plith and stems of the plants; others, again, attack our woollen garments, furs, leather, meat, wax, flour and lard; nor are the books and cabinet of the student or entomologist exempted from their depredations."

"Well, well," said JOHN, rather impatiently, "all this I have been taught by experience, and find it necessary to be vigilant; but the remedy is what we farmers want, without the trouble of telling what species they are—they are alike obnoxious.

I have, however, come to the conclusion that a law ought to be passed against killing insectivorous birds. I have numerous cages, as you see, around my garden, for the wrens. I do not even frighten the birds from my cherry trees, as did a neighbor of mine, by putting a young chicken hawk into a cage and suspending it in the tree, and feed the fellow with insectivorous birds while acting as a guard to his fruit. I'd wring the rascal's neck off, and give the birds fair play. What if they pick a few—they also clear the trees from insect depredators. But talking about chrysalids, I could not help moralizing upon the wonderful transformation. To consider that the disgusting worm we call caterpillar, feeding upon the crude leaves of vegetation, becomes enveloped and swaddled like an Egyptian mummy, hung in the air naked, or inclosed in a silky cocoon, without apparent life—a motionless, fixed thing—then in due time to burst its cerements, and to come forth a new creature, robed in garments of beauty, to wing its way from flower to flower, sipping their nectared sweets, is truly surprising, and calculated to teach a useful lesson."

Surprised at my friend's change of the subject, I observed—"Your idea and reflections are by no means new. This fact was early noticed. One genus, called *Psyche*—from the Greek, meaning the human soul—was used, both by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks, as an emblem of immortality. Some poet has also embodied the idea in twenty verses, found in the Introduction to Entomology by KIRBY & SPENSE, page 75. The 15th verse says:

"Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight—
The humblest form in Nature's train—
Thus rise in new-born luster bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?"

The concluding verse reads:

"Go, mortal! in thy reptile state
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frat! child of earth! high heir of heaven!"

Thus we see, dear sir,

"Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man;"

and that

"In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God."

Thus, after an hour's conversation, to our mutual edification, I bent my steps homeward, with the imprisoned caterpillar, in order to observe its final transformation. The next day I found the caterpillar attached by the tail, and the looped bridle or girth spun, and his body suspended therein, preparatory to changing into a chrysalis. This happened on the 26th of July. On the 6th of August I found the living imago in the box, and the chrysalis split and empty, as shown by figure 2. Figure 3 represents the butterfly, natural size, with its wings back to back, showing the bronzed, brownish under side, with the black markings, the yellowish and orange-shaded eye-like marginal spots, and light blue, speckled surroundings. The black markings are very much like those of the *Papilio turnus*, and a gentleman has assured me that he has observed both kinds so closely as to convince him that the color is only a sexual difference.* This I am inclined to doubt, however well assured I am that many considered as distinct species are but male and female of the same species; because I have raised both kinds from the larva, and they differ as much in habit, color and appearance as do the perfect insects.

Here we have a dangerous species to the grape, undescribed before, to the best of my knowledge, and therefore consider it best to introduce the subject for the benefit of your readers.

J. S.
Lancaster, Pa.

*The upper side of the wings of figure 3 is jet black, with the marginal blue spots, &c., very much like the *Papilio asterias*, only of a larger size.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SCHIZANTHUS.

THE SCHIZANTHUS is a genus of beautiful flowers, adapted either for the open ground or conservatory.

If seeds are sown in a hot-bed or cold-frame, and plants are put out in a warm, light soil, they will sometimes grow three or four feet in height, and will give abundance of flowers during the middle of the summer and autumn.



The two prettiest varieties are retusus, scarlet and orange, and retusus alba, white and yellow—the former very brilliant and showy, and the latter extremely delicate and beautiful.

THE NEXT FRUIT SEASON.

THE PROSPECT for fruit the coming season is exceedingly favorable in all sections of the country. The winter has been mild, the temperature unusually even, and without any warm spells to swell the buds, and thereby expose them to injury by a sudden change and low temperature.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER.—The prospects of an abundant fruit crop the ensuing summer in this section, were never more encouraging at this season of the year, March 24th.

THE PEACH has escaped the winter, and is now in danger only from the spring frosts, which very seldom destroy the fruit in this latitude and country.

CONSIDERABLE damage has been done to orchards and shade trees in the western part of the State by the accumulation of ice on the branches during a storm, which occurred about the 15th ult.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE GRAPE ROT.

THESE side hills gave great promise of profitable grape culture, and considerable plantations have been made. But I find cultivators are considerably discouraged.

settlors, many of them, have long cultivated a grape vine or two; and the crop is regarded very uncertain by them. Thorough drainage does not prove to be a remedy—indeed no remedy has been discovered.

I am told that the Concord and Clinton have been exempt from it thus far, while the Catawba, Isabella and Diana have rotted badly.

A PEACH GOSSIP.

At the sale of contraband live stock mentioned, we met most of the leading fruit growers in the vicinity. Naturally enough, fruit—kind, culture, and prospects—became the topic, and I gleaned some facts of value to men who propose purchasing fruit farms here.

Messrs. EVANS BROTHERS, who have just sold a large fruit farm at Makanda, and purchased 437 acres at Cobden, paying \$10,000 therefor, give me the following as their list of market peaches:

Troth's Early Red, Cooledge's Favorite, Cole's Early Red, Crawford's Early and Late, Stump the World, George the Fourth, Old Mixon Free, President, Heath's Free, Heath's Cling, Smock's Free, Ward's Late, Noble's Cling, and is going to try Switzerland.

To the above list PARKER EARLE would add Columbia, Large Early York, Hale's Early, Jaques' (Rareipe), and Grosse Mignonne. It should be remembered that this list is given as the most profitable for market culture.

Mr. WALKER says there are a hundred different varieties of wild blackberries that grow in the woods, openings, and along the fences here.

G. H. BAKER'S PEACH LIST.

I asked this gentleman for his list of market varieties, and he gave me the following:—Troth's Early, Cooledge's Favorite, Large Early York, Crawford's Early, George the Fourth, Old Mixon Free, Crawford's Late, Ward's Late Free, Smock's Free, and Heath's Cling.

During a before-breakfast walk and talk in the orchard, and an examination of the buds, Mr. B. talked of some of the varieties as follows:—Cooledge's Favorite is the most valuable tree I have in my orchard.

Mr. BAKER gave the following list of apples for a commercial orchard:—Summer—Early Harvest, Red June, Red Astrachan, Early Pennock, Keswick Codlin, Hoss Apple.

Autumn—Buckingham and Maiden's Blush. Winter—White Winter Pearmain, Rawles' Janet, Winesap, Newtown Pippin, Rome Beauty, and Limber Twig.

One of the EVANS BROTHERS gave the following list for a market apple orchard of one thousand trees:—Early Harvest 70; Red June 30; Red Astrachan 100; Keswick Codlin 50; Maiden's Blush 40; Buckingham 50; Newtown Pippin 90; Rome Beauty 100; Baltimore Red 100; Winesap 100; White Winter Pearmain 400; Rawles' Janet 200; Red Romanite 100.

In the afternoon a meeting of fruit growers was organized, preliminary to the organization of a fruit growers' club, and Mr. BENJ. VANCEL, one of the oldest Egyptians here, who has an orchard of 1,200 trees, gave the following as the best summer apples for this locality:—Early Harvest, Hoss Apple, Summer Queen, Keswick Codlin.

He has the Paradise—the original stock, I am informed by Mr. DUNLAP. He says it sells as well as any apple in market. It is earlier than the Early Harvest. He has fruited other varieties of apples on this stock.

For a winter apple, the White Winter Pearmain is valuable. It bears regularly, and is one of the best. The Esopus Spitzenburg is a regular bearer, large, handsome, and keeps well.

For a winter apple, the White Winter Pearmain is valuable. It bears regularly, and is one of the best. The Esopus Spitzenburg is a regular bearer, large, handsome, and keeps well.

So much about apples. This is experience of great practical importance to men settling in this part of the State for the purpose of growing fruit for market.

EVANS' LIST OF PEARS.

The following is a list of pears for an orchard of a thousand standard trees, given me by Mr. EVANS. Other gentlemen present when the list was given, concurred therein: Bartlett, 600; Swan's Orange, 100; Madeleine, 60; Seckel, 25; Belle Lucrative, 75; Flemish Beauty, 75; Vicar of Winkfield, 50; Buffum, 25; Bloodgood, 25.

THE ORCHARDS HERE.

To show the magnitude of the fruit growing interests here, and to give an index of the confidence felt in the present and ultimate profit of this business, I give the following figures, showing the number of trees and vines planted within an area of six or seven miles.

At least 10,000 more peach trees, as many apples, and 5000 pears, will be planted this season, with large plantations of strawberries, gooseberries, and quinces.

NATIVE BLACKBERRIES.

Mr. WALKER says there are a hundred different varieties of wild blackberries that grow in the woods, openings, and along the fences here.

I am home again after a week's absence. But I am going to see Egypt in bloom!

HORTICULTURAL QUESTIONS.

A NEW feature has been introduced in the Brooklyn Horticultural Society, which we deem worthy of imitation, as tending to add much to the interest and usefulness of these associations.

BEST WEEPER AND BEST PILLAR ROSE.—A member replied—Willson's Weeper, raised from seed by Mr. Willison, of Yorkshire, England; it should be raised on a brier eight or ten feet high.

BEST WHITE ROSE FOR CEMETERY.—There are only two or three varieties, and hardly one that is a pure white. Take Mrs. Rivers, if you can get it.

HOW LONG WILL SEEDS KEEP WITHOUT INJURY.—The seed of the common balsam or lady's slipper will keep for years without injury; they are more likely to come up double than if put down the first or second season.

DR. GRISWOLD'S FRUIT HOUSE. ACCORDING to promise in my last, I proceed to give some account of the Fruit and Ice House of Dr. H. P. GRISWOLD, in Hancock county, Ill.

This Fruit House is built of gravel, with double wall, the outer one being 10 inches, and the inner 8 inches in thickness, with a space between of 4 inches.

The building has three doors; an outside door into the hall, built double, the first of single pine plank, the second of the same material, six inches thick, with four inches of charcoal.

USE CAUTION.—There is no small thing which good housewives should be so cautious about procuring as Saleratus. It costs a family but a trifle, therefore they are not always particular about the quality they get as they should be.

the shelves being placed about four inches apart, only sufficient to allow the apples to stand in single layers. The Doctor estimates the capacity of the fruit house thus arranged at about 1,000 bushels.

The building not being finished at the time of picking his apples in the fall, they were stowed in bins in his cellar. From these, those now in the fruit room have been transferred during the early winter.

The whole cost of the building was about \$600. He used 1,100 bushels of charcoal in its construction. As an appendage to his valuable orchard, it will be found well worth its cost. AGRICOLA.

Horticultural Notes.

LICE ON PLANTS.—(D. C. Haddonfield.)—Tobacco smoke, or washing with tobacco water, will destroy the green lice on plants.

TRADE CATALOGUES.—We have received recently a number of trade catalogues, and have now before us a Special Wholesale List of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs, &c., for spring of 1862, from Frost & Co., Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WHITE RUNNING BEAN.—I send you herewith a sample of a kind of bean which is new to me. We raised them last season for the first time, and found them excellent.

We think this bean is an old acquaintance, but will not undertake to give it a name now. We will plant those sent us, and shall then be able to speak with confidence.

Domestic Economy.

YEAST CAKES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—When your paper came last week, I was perusing its contents as usual, and the request met my eye, from PHEBE F. MOSES, desiring that some reader of the RURAL would send a recipe for making light yeast cakes.

Take two handfuls of lively hops, three or four large potatoes, put them into about three pints of water, let them boil quickly until the potatoes are done, and then the strength will be out of the hops. Mash the potatoes fine in the liquid, and run all through a sieve upon one quart of wheat flour, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one tablespoonful of sugar.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Seeing a request in your journal of March 15th, for a recipe for making yeast cakes, I send you mine, which is called very good.—Take one pint of hops, put them in three quarts of boiling water, boil them fifteen minutes, and strain.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Noticing a request in a late RURAL for a recipe for yeast cakes, I send my mother's, which I know to be good. Take two gallons of soft water, one pint basin of hops, and twenty good sized potatoes, pared, and boil them all together until the potatoes are thoroughly done.

VALUABLE CEMENT FOR PORCELAIN GLASS, &c.—The following valuable recipe for cementing Porcelain Glass, etc., we copy from Godey for March: Take of ising glass two drachms, wet it with water and allow it to stand until softened; then add as much proof spirit as will rather more than cover it and dissolve with a moderate heat.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

USE CAUTION.—There is no small thing which good housewives should be so cautious about procuring as Saleratus. It costs a family but a trifle, therefore they are not always particular about the quality they get as they should be.

New Horticultural Advertisements

TOP ONION SETS—25 lbs prime, for sale cheap, by barrel or bushel. H. C. WHITE, Agent, 247 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—A Nursery doing a good business, for a house and lot in or near some thriving village. Address Box 11, Waterville, N. Y. 6387

FRANKEBERY VINES.—From one to four feet long, fruit has taken the first premium at each State Fair exhibited. Price, \$1 per bushel; \$4 per 1,000. N. HILL, Canton, Steuben Co., N. Y.

SIX WEEKS POTATOES.—Having introduced them, I am prepared to furnish pure seed of this BEST OF ALL EARLY POTATOES, at \$1 per bushel. C. E. Chamberlain has them, 104 Buffalo Street. CHAS. C. HOLTON, Rochester, N. Y.

NURSERY STOCK FOR SALE.—A fine lot of Cherry, Plum and Pear Seedlings. Also Cherry Trees 2, 3, and 4 years old. A large quantity of Wilson's Albany Strawberry Plants, Peach Pits, Cherry and Black Currants, &c., for sale cheap. JAYNE & PLATTMAN, Easton, Yates Co., N. Y.

NURSERY STOCK FOR SALE CHEAP.—50 to \$80 per thousand; Cherry Currants, Apple Trees, &c. Shaker Seedling Strawberry, 50 cents per dozen. Other trees and plants very cheap. GARNETT Hill Potatoes, 75 cents per bush. 6384 H. C. WHITE, Waterville, Ontario Co., N. Y.

CULTIVATED CHERRY PLANTS of the improved GARDEN OF UPLAND, and CHERRY or MARSH varieties, for sale at low prices. THE CHERRY CULTIVATOR, a practical treatise on the culture of this excellent fruit, sent pre-paid to all applicants, on receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps. WM. H. STARR, East New London Nurseries, New London, Conn., March, 1862. 6382-21

THE NEW LETTUCE!—True Boston Curled Lettuce, a most excellent variety of very superior quality for its size, and of great beauty in its habit of growth. The seed is of my own raising. I warrant it fresh and true. Packages containing seed sufficient to supply a family for a season, 20 cents; 5 packages, \$1.00. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass. 6383-21

NATIVE GRAPE VINES.—At Reduced Prices.—We are now prepared to sell the Delaware and Concord Grape Vines, by the hundred or thousand, at prices to suit the times. Also all of the new varieties by the single or dozen. Also a large stock of Greenhouse and Bedding Plants. Send for list of prices. DAUGHADAY & RENNING, Newburgh Fruit Garden and Nurseries, Newburgh, N. Y.

CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS.—We have just imported from Europe a splendid collection of the rarest FLOWER SEEDS, comprising upwards of 100 varieties of all sorts that thrive best. Collections of 10 distinct named varieties mailed on receipt of 20 cts.—25 sorts for \$1.—50 sorts for \$2.—75 sorts for \$3.—Priced Circulars, giving varieties, sent on application. Address J. M. THORBURN & CO., Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. 6384-21

MARLBOROUGH CABBAGE AND HUBBARD SQUASH.—Stone-mason's Cabbage is the standard Cabbage in Boston Market, distinguished for its reliability for heading. The heads are very large, remarkably hard, and very sweet. Seed of my own growing, with full directions for cultivation, 25 cents per ounce; 4 ounces, 75 cts; 1 pound, \$2.67, all post-paid by me and warranted to reach each purchaser. Hubbard Squash Seed 12 cts per package; \$1.00 per lb. Priced Catalogues of every variety of Garden Seeds gratis. Address JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass. 6384-21

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J. M. THORBURN & CO.'S Seed Warehouse, 15 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

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GARNETT HILL POTATOES. A seedling introduced by C. E. Goodrich. He claims for it a higher degree of hardiness and adaptation to all soils and weather than any other sort known, and in good soils and seasons, and with fair culture, they will yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. Price per peck, 50 cents; per bushel \$1.50; per barrel of 2 1/2 bushels, \$4.00.

All the following varieties of SEEDS mailed, post-paid, to any part of the United States, (with the exception of those marked thus *) which may be mailed to those wishing them by this conveyance, at an additional expense of one cent per oz., on receipt of the amount annexed:—New Specified Lima Beans..... per packet 25 New Gurgated Pole do..... do 25 Thorburn's Nonpareil Cauliflower..... per oz. 75c do 10 Improved New York Purple Egg Plant..... do 25c do 5 Turkey Lotus Seed..... do 75c do 10 Early Vienna Kohl Rabi..... do 20c do 5 Early White Hybrid (very large)..... do 20c do 5 Early Curled Silesia Lettuce..... do 20c do 5 New White Japan Melon (early)..... do 25c do 5 White Hybrid (very large)..... do 25c do 5 Strawberry Watermelon..... do 25c do 25 French Scarlet Turnip Radish..... per oz. 10c do 10 New Hybrid (solid peck)..... per packet 25c do 10 Honoluhi Nectarine Squash..... per oz. 30c do 10 Pease Island Tomato..... per oz. 25c, per packet 5c do 10 Berlin Turnip..... per oz. 10c do 10 Extra Early Princess Peas..... per quart 30c do 10 Champion of Scotland, Eugenie and Napoleon..... per bushel 50c do 60 Large Sweet Mountain Pepper..... per oz. 40c, per packet 5c do 10 Large Red Onion..... per lb. 75c, per ounce 10c do 10 Extra Early Turnip Beet..... per lb. 75c do 20 Borago..... do 20c do 20 Mammoth German Cabbage (extra)..... do 25c do 25 Large Orange Carrot..... do 75c do 25 Balsam Fir Seed..... do \$2.00 do 25 Atlantic Seed..... do 2.00 do 25 Early White Seed..... do 1.00 do 10 Buckhorn Seed..... do 1.00 do 10 Black Austrian Pine Seed..... do 3.00 do 25 Early White Seed..... do 1.50 do 20 European Larch Seed..... do 1.50 do 20 Chinese Arbor Vitae Seed..... do 3.00 do 25 White Lotus or Yellow Lotus Seed..... per bushel \$1.00 do 15c do 15c Plum Pits..... do 40c do 40 Strawberry Seed 12 varieties each..... per packet 25 Connecticut Seed Leaf Tobacco..... per oz. 25c do 25 Alsike Clover..... per bushel \$4, per quart 25c do 75c do 75c Lucerne..... do 25c do 25 Chinese Sugar Cane..... per bushel \$4, per quart 25c do 75c do 75c Beautiful Scarlet Chinese Egg Plant..... per packet 10c do 10 Convolvulus tricolor menestrous (splendid)..... do 10c do 10 Fertilis Nankensis (very ornamental)..... do 10c do 10 Dianthus Heddewigi..... do 25c do 25c Do do Double..... do 25c do 25c English Prize Hollyhock (fine)..... do 10c do 10 Delphinium fornosum (splendid)..... do 19c do 19c Auricle-flowered Sweet William..... do 25c do 25c Ipomoea limbatata elegantissima (splendid)..... do 10c do 10c Chilosera pulcherrima..... do 10c do 10c Splendid Crimson Flax (beautiful)..... do 10c do 10c Linum Lewisii variegata (choice)..... do 25c do 25c Chilosera pulcherrima..... do 10c do 10c Splendid Hybrid Pansy..... do 10c do 10c New Early Dwarf Carnation..... do 25c do 25c Clintonia pulchella zeonopurpurea..... do 25c do 25c Salsola grandiflora..... do 10c do 10c Lychnis Haageana..... do 10c do 10c Fringed Chinese Primrose..... do 25c do 25c Salsola grandiflora..... do 10c do 10c Do argentea..... do 50c do 50c Splendid Double Zinnia..... do 50c do 50c Canna Warszewiczii..... do 10c do 10c Canna Carmine Scabiosa..... do 10c do 10c Marauder's Canary..... do 10c do 10c Beautiful Camellia Balsams..... do 10c do 10c Lila Giant Emperor Aster..... do 10c do 10c Fertilis Nankensis (very ornamental)..... do 10c do 10c Didiscus corollae, beautiful, (blue annual)..... do 5c do 5c Adonis umbellata (splendid annual)..... do 10c do 10c Centaurea macrantha..... do 10c do 10c Beautiful collections Phlox Drummondii (5 varieties)..... do 40c do 40c Do do Portulaca..... do 10c do 10c Do do Flower Seeds..... 100 do..... 35c do 35c Do do..... do 25c do..... 32c do 32c Do do..... do 25c do..... 31c do 31c Do do..... do 10c do..... 30c do 30c

Splendid French Hybrid Gladiolus. From \$1 to \$20 per dozen—for varieties and description see our Flower Seed Catalogue.

J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John Street, New York. 637-21

DIRECT TO ROCHESTER, N. Y.—All persons having occasion to address the RURAL NEW-YORKER will please direct to Rochester, N. Y., and not, as many do, to New York, Albany, Buffalo, &c. Money Letters intended for us are frequently directed and mailed to the above places. Please note. THE \$2 RATE is more popular this year than formerly. People evidently begin to think it don't pay us to furnish such a journal as the RURAL at the club rate, for many remit \$2 per copy, and call the paper cheap at that price.

Ladies' Department.

A PICTURE.

BY LIZZIE G. REEBS.

The moonbeams stole in through the half-open door,— They stole softly in just to peep, and no more;

The breeze wandered in, as if panting to rest, But when it went in it was trying its best

But the breeze only heard a low sob and a sigh, A low wailing sob, and a half smothered cry,

And the shadows stole out in their treacherous way, And challenged the poor frightened moonbeam to stay,

The lover went forth from his lady-love's door, And sadly he thought he might see her no more,

Hartford, Trumbull Co., O., 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ASLEEP WITH THE FLOWERS.

The rose and the lily are passed away from the gardens of earth, their sunny tints grown dim beneath the yellow finger of decay,

The rose and the lily are indeed gone, yet a fairer flower than these did the autumn spirit bear away on its never pausing pinions.

"Hushed are the lute strings," for the fingers that were wont to make sweet music are folded calmly over a heart that no longer bounds merrily to the very happiness of living.

"Ah, meet it was that one, Like this young friend of ours, So gentle, and so beautiful, Should perish with the flowers."

With the flowers, and as the flowers, that young life has gone out ere time had stolen one flush from the soft cheek, or traced one line on the fair white brow.

She will not watch the rose give place to the lily on the cheeks of those who are dear to her, and weep that all her might of earthly love is powerless to save.

"No look of recognition lights the eye, That laughingly hath met that fellow face; With careless hands they greet, and wander by, Who parted once with tears and long embrace."

Life's precious things have been hers; hold her not back from the home in comparison to which earth's brightest hours are but a dim foreshadowing.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GIRLS—NO. III.

GIRLS are girls' worst enemies. They are jealous of each others' good looks, and envious of their education and popularity. It is quite impossible for Miss SMITH to look complacently upon Miss JONES, if the latter wears a better cloak or bonnet than she herself possesses.

If a young man frequents gambling saloons, becomes intoxicated occasionally, swears, chews tobacco, and is a true devotee to other like habits, but has plenty of money, sports a fine carriage and horses, girls will ride with him, talk with him, and associate with him, notwithstanding.

I do not wish it to be understood that I uphold wrong in girls. I fully deprecate wrong in any one, but no less in men than women. Just as long as girls countenance vice in men, even so long will there be vicious men.

Ludlowville, N. Y., 1862.

THE MOTHER.—The greatest moral power in the world is that exercised by a mother over her child. Demand not from her systematic account of it. She acts from inspiration more than from calculation, and perhaps never says to herself what I say to you.

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE position held by the women of America at this time, is one which may tend to crush out or drive on the horrible rebellion now raging throughout our land. The great mass of men are now, and ever have been, constrained and governed, to a greater or less extent, by the indomitable power of woman.

Now, if each one of this gallant band, throughout the United States, should seek how much she could do to aid her country in the maintenance of its God-given rights, we would have no fear in regard to the direful effects of rebellion. If each mother would encourage her sons to forsake their loved homes and go forth to fight manfully the battles of their country, for the perpetuity of their country's honor and glory; if each sister would bind the warrior's sash upon her brother and friends, pointing out the perilous condition of our land, and urging to the rescue of all that is dear to American hearts, how immensely our present army would be swelled, how short would be the contest.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

THE mother is dead, sympathizing neighbors have performed the last sad offices, and the stricken family are now left alone to take up life's cares again. The husband, who has lost his companion who has stood by his side and shared his labors and cares for a quarter of a century, is, perhaps, the most to be pitied, for he can never hope to win again such affection as he has lost.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

IN the March number of the Atlantic Monthly the "Country Parson" has a charming little essay on "The Sorrows of Childhood," in the course of which he makes these remarks:

"An extremely wicked way of punishing children is by shutting them up in a dark place. Darkness is naturally fearful to human beings, and the stupid ghost stories of many nurses make it especially fearful to a child. It is a stupid and wicked thing to send a child on an errand in a dark night. I do not remember passing through a greater trial in my youth than once walking three miles alone (it was not going on an errand) in the dark, along a road thickly shaded with trees. I was a little fellow; but I got over the distance in half an hour. Part of the way was along the wall of a churchyard—one of those ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots, where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep. Nobody ever supposed that this walk was a trial to a boy of twelve years old, so little are the thoughts of children understood. And children are reticent; I am telling now about that dismal walk for the very first time. And in the illness of childhood children sometimes get very close and real views of death. I remember, when I was nine years old, how every evening, when I lay down to sleep, I used for about a year to picture myself lying dead, till I felt as though the coffin were closing around me. I used to read at that period with a curious feeling of fascination, Blair's poem, 'The Grave.' But I never dreamed of telling anybody these thoughts. I believe that thoughtful children keep most of their thoughts to themselves, and in respect of the things of which they think, most are as profoundly alone as the Ancient Mariner in the Pacific. I have heard of a parent, and important member of a very strict sect of the Pharisees, whose child, when dying, begged to be buried not in a certain foul old hideous church yard, but in a certain cheerful cemetery. This request the poor little creature made with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strict Pharisee refused the dying request, and pointed out with polemical bitterness to the child that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was to be buried, or what might be done with his body after death. How I should enjoy the spectacle of that unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch tarred and feathered! The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakspeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but 'by faith,' that Joseph, when he was a-dying, gave commandment concerning his bones."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SOMETHING ABOUT POETRY.

POETRY and GENIUS have received only approximate definitions. Critics do not agree, and the purpose of this paper is to suggest some thoughts on two extreme theories.

Says MACAULAY, "by poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination; the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by colors." According to this theory he concludes that MILTON triumphed over greater difficulties than any other poet, since his education was, in a very important sense, an obstacle. A recent American reviewer has ridiculed this theory as an absurdity, offering, however, no better one. POE's theory is very unlike MACAULAY'S. He remarks, "I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites by elevating the soul. The value of a poem is in ratio to this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a physical necessity, transient." He thence, as from correct premises, concludes that a long poem does not exist, since this "elevating excitement" will flag in about an hour, as a general rule. "I maintain," says he, "that the phrase a long poem is simply a flat contradiction in terms."

Choice Miscellany.

YEARS AGO.

BY MARY OLSENBER AMES.

HIDE your faces, stars of evening, Hide behind your ether walls! Hush your sweetly hissing lyrics, Softly sighing autumn gales. Once I loved you, stars of evening; Winds, I loved your starry flow, When my life was set to music Years ago.

Hover there, seraphic fires, Linger in love's sweetest tone, Linked with one's beloved presence, Which the present cannot own, Where the wild, warm vows we plighted, Where the friends we worshipped so, Where the fire that filled our pulses Years ago.

Gazing sadly toward our westward, 'Mid our brooding noontide calms, Where the dream of love and glory Dreamed death Eros' morning palms! Counting o'er our lost ambitions, In Time's sober shadow scene, Who, exultant cries: Eureka! I am all I might have been.

Vain, oh, vain our voiceless longing O'er our morning's perished dust! Every hour in its bosom Holds the present's holier trust. And the saddest of our sorrows Are Love's angels in disguise; Let us entertain them kindly, They will give us wings to rise.

Show your faces, stars of evening, Fling away your cloudy veils; Lisp a low, a lulling lyric, Sweetly sighing autumn gales! Married to a purer purpose, Life is calmer in its flow— Wells the wine within my pulses, To a rhythm sweet and low, Softer than the dreams that thrilled me Years ago.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

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MACAULAY considers "Paradise Lost" the greatest poem extant. POE denies its being a poem. POE is obliged to do this by his theory, and yet he cannot deny that the poem has power to sustain the interest. To reconcile this fact with his theory, he resolves MILTON'S poem into a number of small poems. It should be remembered that POE was particularly fond of short poems, and, much as he disliked LONGFELLOW, he yet admired many of his shorter pieces.

MACAULAY was a giant, beside whom POE was a pigmy. The "Country Parson" says "POE is a humbug." Perhaps the worthy Lord would read and enjoy the "Raven," which POE tells us was written in accordance with his theory, but he certainly never would write such a poem. Nay, we doubt whether he could write such a one. His mind had the appreciative element, but not the creative, for such a poem. If he wrote poetry it must bear the impress of his gigantic mind, and, like MILTON, he must weave into it something of his universal knowledge. While BOB wrote the "Raven" and "Lenore," MACAULAY wrote the "Lays of Ancient Rome." CHRISTOPHER NORTH, after having studied English poetry for years, concluded that Paradise Lost was the great poem of the age. Now, where is its power? Is it in producing an excitement, or an illusion on the imagination? The latter MACAULAY more nearly the correct view, and hence MACAULAY'S theory is the correct one.

"where eldest Night And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold Eternal anarchy."

And the more we study, the more perfect is the illusion. The same is true of the "Raven." All is before us. The "ebony bird," sitting on the "bust of Pallas," croaking his "nevermore," is distinctly seen;—it is an illusion on the imagination. So of other poems. LONGFELLOW'S "Evangeline" produces the same effect,—we see the exiles leaving their homes and follow the beautiful maiden in all her wanderings. BRYANT'S sweet poems and SAGE'S punning satires have the same influence. MACAULAY'S theory shall be ours till a better one is furnished, and our motto ever be "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

St. Armad, C. E., 1862. L. B. HIBBARD.

TRUE COURAGE.—For a man to say that his soul is incapable of fear, is just as absurd as to say that, from a peculiarity of constitution, when dipped in water, he does not get wet. You, human beings, whoever you may be, when you are placed in danger, and reflect upon the fact, you feel afraid. Don't vapor and say no—we know how the mental machine must work, unless it be diseased. For the thoughtful man admits all this—he admits that a bullet through his brain would be a very serious thing for himself, and likewise for his wife and children—he admits he shrinks from such a prospect—he will take pains to protect himself from the risk, but he says that if duty requires him to run the risk, he will run it. This is the courage of the civilized man, as opposed to the blind, bull-dog insensibility of the savage. This is courage—to know the existence of danger, but face it nevertheless.

MENTAL CULTURE.

A PERSON without mental culture, with a mind darkened by ignorance in this era when the golden light of education diffuses its enlivening beams so profusely over our fair land, will grope his way through this life in starlight obscurity, instead of walking proudly erect in the effulgent light of noonday. Such a person is indeed dead to one of the most lofty and refining pleasures of which our natures are susceptible. Folding his pinions, he shuts himself in his narrow prison-house, instead of soaring, on the "ready wings" of thought, above the base things of earth, to the "starry realms," and learning to number and call by name each shining world, as they move sublimely on their heaven-appointed course.

When we realize that God has bestowed upon us minds susceptible of infinite expansion, which are to exist when the sun and moon have expired, and the last of the little silvery lamps which have been so long suspended in the dome of our earth-temple, shall have gone out, ought we not to be "tremblingly alive" to the proper cultivation of so noble a gift, letting no obstacle deter us from the pursuit of that which will bring us to a high and glorious standard. But how are the debasing fetters of ignorance to be loosed? Is it by a few, faint, half-formed resolves, while we are lying supinely on our backs doing nothing? No, verily. It is by a purpose stern, resolute and inflexible, without which we may ever drink from the murky pool of ignorance, instead of quaffing large and healthful draughts from the pellucid fountain of knowledge.

"Knowledge is power," a power of which many would fain boast, but who seek for it with untiring perseverance, as for hidden treasure. What boundless sources of pleasure and profit are opened to those who delve deep in that mine which is ever opening new and richer veins to the miner's anxious gaze, prompting to deeper and deeper search. Of such wealth it is noble to be miserly. Behold the faithful miner as he brings up from the infinite depths gem after gem of priceless value; see what a strange light gleams forth from the soul-lit eye—what an exultant smile lights up the countenance beaming with intelligence. Think ye that he finds not that which affords him a holy, undying pleasure—a pleasure that elevates and brings him nearer the sphere the glorious Giver designs for His creatures. Who would not bow a willing votary at the shrine of knowledge, and dwell forever in the temple of the "goddess of wisdom?" Who would not quench his thirst at her crystal fountains, and roam in glorious, delightful freedom through her elysian fields.

Some one said, very truthfully, "Though we may have drank deep of the fountain of human knowledge, if we have not in the draught dissolved the pearl of religion, it will profit us nothing when God shall judge the world." Let us, then, with a knowledge of terrestrial things, wisely commingle a knowledge heavenly and divine. Then we may rear our standard aloft, and unfurl our banner to the breeze, while from each waving fold flashes, in characters of living light, Knowledge and Truth, "one and inseparable;" and when we pause before the gate of the "eternal city," the pearly doors will be opened by angel hands, while "all-harmonious tongues" echo the welcome granted us by the great Author. F. M. TURNER. Oxford, N. Y., 1862.

THE DIGNITY OF A TREE.

A GRAND old tree is a sacred thing. There are other and greater reasons for sparing it than the singer gave the woodman. If a mansion be destroyed, it may be built again; if a parchment has grown dim, the record may be retraced; if a tablet be worn smooth, is there not an "Old Mortality" to deepen the lines anew? But if a tree is felled, no wit nor wisdom of mortal make can rear its shaft again, or kindle its blanching arms to life. One that it has taken the Almighty years to build—"according to law"—His law—that has held it to earth as with living fingers in a grasp that one hundred winters could not loosen—it seems almost a sin to rive it into rails, or sacrifice it to fire.

Anchored thus, as with the fingers of an Almighty hand, how the winds have paid it tribute; how silently it has gathered strength and beauty from the thin atmosphere and the drops of crystal rain; how Nature has mantled its northern side with moss, and how it has extended its arms to the rising sun! It seems strange to us so grand a column should be felled without a cause. So great a life should not be quenched without a passing thought, that the blue air would slowly close around the place it filled, and for an hour or two we might desecrate its azure outline, before the vandal wind would wait it quite away; and we sigh as we think that nevermore within our little day that earth shall wear the shadowy mantle of a tree, the air be filled with the soft whispering of leaves. Few sights are sadder than a murdered tree.

A LIFE THOUGHT.

I HEARD a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, the crib, and the piano went, the tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instrument. Oh, how blessed is bankruptcy, when it saves a man's children. I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men are putting the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up, fatted, lazy calves, good for nothing at twenty-five but to drink deep and squander wide, and the father must be a slave all his life in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them "Work;" and working makes them men.—Beecher.

MAKE truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, and they will love it; make holiness cheerful, and they will be glad in it; but remind them of themselves by threats or exhortations, and you impair the force of their unconscious affections—your words pass over them only to be forgotten.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] WHEN IT IS MORNING.

BY JANET B. HIGBY.

When it is morning, a maiden fair, Twining the orange around her hair, Weddeth a brave young cavalier. Brush away lightly the dewy tear; Slumbers she sweetly, without a fear. Bridal is this? Ah! the angel came, Writing in Heaven another name. Paler hands toyed with a bridal wreath;— Eureka, the cherished, has wedded Death.

"When it is morning," a sufferer said, "Gather the loved ones around my bed. Weary, the slow-footed hours go by, Pacing the length of my time to die." Little he thought it was quite so nigh. Silently, sadly, they move about, Watching the sands of his life run out. Morning is dawning, the night is past, Sands of the hour-glass have ebb'd at last.

When it is morning. A sentry dreamed. Back in the homestead old, it seemed; Mother and sister with fond cares, Joined with a father's hand to bless; Joy, for a morrow of wretchedness. Lo! it is morning; an hour of gloom. Dreams of the loved ones have sealed thy doom; Saber, and musket, and spear, and shield, Needest thou not in the tented field.

"When it is morning, say, mother dear, Wont it be warmer away up here?" Want, with his withering presence there, Watched by the child of the sunny hair, Marking, so early, deep lines of care. When it is morning, it wont be cold Way up in Heaven, in Jesus' fold. Go, little wanderer, life to win; Surely, the Shepherd will let you in.

But it is morning with them up there; Lover, and sentry, and child so fair. Robed in a garment without a stain, Invalid, freed from his couch of pain, Never shall say, "I am sick," again. Always 'tis morning in spirit-land— Morn to the host of its ransomed band; Morn, for the Lamb is the light thereof; Light of the beautiful city above. Piffard, N. Y., 1862.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

IN almost every household there is an enshrined memory, a sacred casket where a lock of shining hair, a ring or faded picture, tells of some one long since gone. The younger children, as they grow up, learn to look on the picture of the dead brother or sister as on the face of an angel. They wonder if they ever shall be as good as they were! They look with tender awe upon the various relics of a sister never known, the broken plaything, the unfinished piece of work with the rusted needle just where she left it; and seeing their mother's tears, and hearing her talk of the child that was or would have been more lovely or intelligent than any of the rest, they meekly wonder if they shall ever deserve to be loved as much as she who is now in heaven.

The orphan, longing for a mother dimly remembered, is sure if she had lived he never could have dishonored her, never could he have been ungrateful or disobedient.

Yet our daily life together is subject to many disturbances. Parents trying to be patient with their children; the noisy, trying little things are often roughly treated, their feelings wounded, and their gaiety checked; children of a family quarrel and overbear; friends grow critical and cold. To look upon the surface of general domestic and social life, it sometimes seems as if there were a few only who would not be happier separated. But when by death some are removed, then only can we measure the real depth of affection that was cherished for them.

One beautiful trait of our humanity is the tenderness with which we cherish the memory of the departed. Let death take from the household the troublesome and ungovernable child, and all that is remembered is his sweet and gentle words, his rare qualities, his loving way, his beauty and manliness. The child stands before his parent's eyes, not as what he was, but as what he might have been had all God put in him been perfected by love and grace. He is now always "dear child" in their thought, and no longer selfish and unlovely. The children long for their dead companion with real and tender grief—they would be pleasanter were he back again; they are surprised to find how much they loved him. Friends long to have the opportunity, now lost, to show their love. Why did I not prize him more—why did I not serve him better, is the universal feeling.

Our cemeteries, carefully kept and richly ornamented, may sometimes betray the harsh ostentation of wealth, but usually the polished and elaborate marble speaks the tenderness of grief, striving to do here what it feels had been left undone before. Absence lends, to a less degree, the same halo of perfectness. So soon as we are separated from those we really love, then they seem more than ever desirable and necessary to us, and we send back messages of regret for past selfishness and unkindness.

WHAT TO DO WITH TROUBLES.—When we are fully conscious that the cup of adversity lifted to our lips by the hand of God, is lifted by One who tenderly loves us, and whom we supremely love, it becomes sweet—even as the bitter waters of Marah became sweet when touched by the wand of the prophet. Says a great writer—alluding to a fact in natural history.—"The cutting and irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution has got within the shell of the pearl oyster, incites the living inmate to secrete from his own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance, and a pearl is the result. And is it not, or may it not be even so with the irregularities and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We too may turn diseases into pearls."

TUNING THE HEART FOR PRAYER.—The musician, before he can discourse sweet music, must tune his instrument aright; but if it be not in tune, he will not produce music. In like manner the heart is to be attuned for prayer. Unless this be, no petition uttered will constitute prayer. The neglected instrument cannot be put in tune by a single act of the hand. The neglected heart cannot be put in tune by a single act of the will. It may require much time and effort, but, till it be done, prayer cannot be offered.

FAITH is a star that shines brightest in the night-time of trial, desertion, and tribulation.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"HEAVEN'S messings upon it! Its stars never shone With a luster so pure and so warm; Like a beacon's calm ray, pointing out the safe way, They gleam through this gathering storm. Their heart cheering light led our fathers aright Through all the dark perils they knew; The same magic glow shall lead us to the foe, And guide us to Victory, too!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 5, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Great Battle of Pea Ridge.

The first battle in Arkansas since the outbreak of the rebellion has terminated favorably to the Union army. After an engagement of fifteen hours, extending through the larger portion of two consecutive days, the rebel forces have been driven from the field, and the stars and stripes hoisted in triumph over the contested ground. Defeated and demoralized, the Confederate troops are in full retreat, and have been hotly pursued by our gallant army.

ATTACK ON GEN. SIGEL'S REAR GUARD.

On the 5th Gen. Sigel received orders from Gen. Curtis to join him at Pea Ridge, and on the 6th marched to Bentonville, in obedience to those orders. Two battalions of Missouri infantry and a squadron of cavalry formed the rear guard of the division. He was determined not to desert a single wagon to the enemy, although by so doing he could have easily reached the main body. The enemy made his appearance with about four thousand cavalry, at about ten in the morning, a few miles out of Bentonville, and immediately commenced the attack by a desperate charge. Sigel had with him nearly a thousand men. Two hundred infantry he sent forward to prevent being cut off, and with the remainder he received the whole of the vast army. Sigel ordered his men to stand firm and take good aim. The teams were put upon good pace, and the enemy came bounding along in several lines. The horsemen on the flanks, and infantry in the rear, awaited their approach until within about two hundred yards, when they delivered a terrible volley of Minie balls into their ranks, which had the effect of throwing them into temporary confusion. In a few minutes the leaders, by dint of much shouting and gesticulation, succeeded in getting them into something like order. This time they came up to close quarters. The same volley, succeeded by a second and third, greeted them. The enemy's cavalry closed all round the little band, notwithstanding that horses and riders were falling thick and fast before our steady fire.

Some of the cavalry on the flank had succeeded in getting across the road so as to cut the train in two, and it was here that the enemy set up a shout of triumph. It was short lived. In a minute more the bayonets of our men had done their work, leaving the enemy hundreds of dead and wounded. The enemy was driven off, broken and dismayed. Galled and maddened at the repulse, the enemy could be seen re-forming to renew the attack. The column was yet seven miles from the encampment. A dispatch had been sent forward to Gen. Curtis, explaining the position and asking for assistance. It was hardly possible that the messenger could have been captured. The enemy was advancing along the road and along the ridges inclosing the stream. At about two o'clock the second attack was made, and desperately carried forward. The rebel horsemen spurred their horses right on to the irresistible bayonets, delivering their load of buckshot, and then brandishing their huge knives, which every one of them carried in place of sabers. They surrounded the rear guard a second time, and for a few minutes could hardly be distinguished from foe. The dense smoke enveloped the whole of the combatants, so that for some time it was doubtful whether any of our little band survived. The faithful Germans, like a league of brethren, never faltered for a moment. The bayonets proved the invincibility of our troops against horsemen. The foe retired a second time, and for an hour they could not be induced to return by the most frantic efforts of their leaders. By this time the advance, which had been constantly skirmishing with the rebel cavalry, announced that re-enforcements were in sight, and the little cheer went up, which was re-echoed by the troops from the camp. A third and last attempt was made to capture the train. It also failed, and the enemy withdrew about half-past three. Gen. Sigel reached camp at half-past four, to receive the congratulations of the entire camp.

THE REBELS MOVING TO THE ATTACK.

The camp whence the rebels marched upon Gen. Curtis, was situated on and near the Boston Mountains, about fifty miles from Pea Ridge. The rebel commander, Gen. Van Dorn, ordered the men to take four days' cooked rations on the morning of the 5th, and move forward to the encounter. As our camp near Sugar Creek was in its front a strong natural position, and difficult of access on either flank, Gen. Van Dorn decided to make his attack in our rear, thus cutting off our base of supply and re-enforcement. The Union position was on the main road from Springfield to Fayetteville, and Gen. Van Dorn, in marching northward, left that road near the latter town and turned to the westward, passing through Bentonville and entering the main road again near the State boundary, about eight miles north of Sugar Creek. A small force was left to make a feint upon our front, and a considerable body of Indians, under Gen. Albert Pike, took position about two miles on our right, to divert attention from the main attack in the rear.

THE BATTLE ON THE FIRST DAY.

At about half-past seven a scout arrived at headquarters, reporting a strong force of the enemy posted on some hills and fields about three miles to the westward. In a few moments messenger came in from the north, (our rear,) stating that the enemy

was appearing on the hills and ridges near the junction of the Bentonville and Springfield roads, and about four miles from camp. Gen. Curtis ordered Gen. Sigel, with his command, to proceed in that direction, and dislodge and disperse the enemy. About three miles from camp, Col. Osterhaus' division encountered what was supposed to be a small body of the rebels, posted in the edge of some timber and brushwood, and brought three guns to bear upon them. After a few rounds of shell, grape and canister, the artillery was ordered to cease firing, and the 3d Iowa Cavalry, which then accompanied Col. Osterhaus, moved forward to complete the clearance of the timber. The supposition that but few rebels were posted there proved erroneous, for the woods swarmed with such numbers that the charge was at once broken, and the Iowa Cavalry driven back in disorder. The rebels followed up the cavalry in its retreat, and, taking advantage of confusion, succeeded in capturing the three guns with which they had been shelled. Col. Osterhaus brought up his Indiana regiments, and by a rapid succession of volleys of musketry, followed by a bayonet charge, covered the ground with dead Texans and Indians, and brought back the guns lost but a few moments before. Gen. Sigel then came forward with the remainder of his command, and the force of rebels in the timber being strengthened at the same time, a vigorous action commenced. The rebels brought their artillery into position, and a duel of heavy guns ensued, ending with the rebels abandoning their position. A running fight next transpired, and a vigorous pursuit was kept up for two or three miles, the rebels fleeing towards the north, in order to form a junction with the force in our rear.

COLONEL DAVIS ADVANCES TO THE ATTACK.

About the time Gen. Sigel came up with the rebels, and commenced the action of the morning, a force, consisting of two or three regiments of Arkansas infantry and a light battery, appeared in front of Col. Davis' position, evidently inviting attack. Col. Davis responded to their invitation to battle, and moved out for an encounter. A short but bloody contest, and the flight of the enemy by a circuitous route in the direction of their main force in our rear, were the results of this movement.

AT HEADQUARTERS.

Around headquarters most of the commanders passed a sleepless night. Though there were but few words spoken, nearly every one felt that the following dawn would but usher in our defeat. Gen. Sigel brought his division into camp, where it was ready at call, and then calmly lay down to sleep. Col. Davis moved his command at midnight, and anxiously waited the coming light. The Commander-in-Chief was hopeful, but fearful. Col. Dodge and Col. Vandever sent in for a fresh supply of ammunition, and about midnight visited the camp in person, to swallow a cup of coffee and return to the field. Ambulances were in constant motion, bringing the wounded to the hospitals prepared for their reception, and surgeons were active in relieving the wants of the sufferers.

APPEARANCE OF THE MEN.

In the action of the day the Iowa regiments had suffered fearfully. Nearly two hundred each had been the loss of the Iowa Fourth and Ninth, and the latter had not a single field officer fit for duty. Its Colonel was commanding a brigade, its Lieutenant-Colonel was made prisoner, and its Major and Adjutant were disabled and in the hospital. Still none of the men were despondent, but were all ready for the work of the morrow.

THE SECOND DAY.

Daybreak and sunrise at last. Not the bright, clear sun that rose over Austerlitz and cheered Napoleon to his great victory, but a dull, copper tinted globe, slowly pushing itself up through the murky cloud of cannon smoke that even the long hours of a winter night did not dispel. The heavens soon became overcast, as if the elements themselves foreshadowed an impending calamity. Every ear was open to catch the sound of the first dull boom of cannon, and every eye was watching for the first curling wreath of smoke that should usher in the contest of the 8th.

THE LINES OF BATTLE.

The fortune of the day was depending upon Gen. Sigel, and that officer calmly, but carefully prepared his command for the conflict. Our whole force was concentrated to the north of our camp, and what, till then, had been our rear became our front. Col. Carr's division had been placed in the center, occupying the road a short distance on either side. The enemy during the night had planted some of his

batteries on an eminence about two hundred feet high sloping away to the north, but precipitous on the side in our front. Batteries and large bodies of infantry were posted at his right base of this hill and at the edge of some timber to its left. Infantry and cavalry, with a few guns, were posted on his extreme left beyond the road, and to oppose these Col. Davis was sent to our extreme left. It was apparent that if we could dislodge the rebels from this hill the victory would be with our banners. With the skill of an expert, Gen. Sigel arranged his columns for the coming action. His foremost line was drawn up in battle array, with infantry, cavalry and artillery all in their proper positions. At a suitable distance in the rear his reserves were placed, ready to be brought forward at any needed moment. A level, open field, of great extent, gave splendid opportunity for an imposing display. It had last been a cornfield, and the white and withered stalks were still on the ground. Throughout the morning skirmishing and light encounters had transpired with the portion of the enemy opposed to our center and right, but on the left not a gun was fired until the whole of Gen. Sigel's command was in readiness.

OPENING OF THE GRAND BATTLE.

At a little past 8 o'clock the decisive portion of the engagement commenced. Along the entire line the cannoners stood to their guns, and at the word of command fire was opened. It was interesting to watch the movements of the artillerymen in getting the range. Each gunner took a tree for his mark, and tried upon it the effect of his first shell. "Too high," was the remark of the captain. A turn of the elevating screw, a reload, and another shot followed. "Still too high," and a second turn of the screw was made previous to another shot. "Just right this time," was the commentary on the direction of the third projectile. For the future trees were not the objects aimed at. A brisk cannonade was kept up for upwards of two hours, with occasional intervals of from five to fifteen minutes duration. The sharp booming of the six, twelve and eighteen pounders followed each other in rapid succession, and with such regularity that one could easily imagine that the huge dark object in that yellow field was an enormous organ on which a Mozart or a Verdi was executing one of his latest compositions.

TAKING A BATTERY.

The shot from the rebel batteries were well directed, but failed of execution equal to those from ours. Several guns were disabled and taken to the rear, and their places supplied by others. During the cannonade Col. Carr's and Col. Davis' divisions advanced slowly upon the enemy until they held the edge of timber where the rebels had position in the morning. A battery of three guns in front of a wooded space on the left of the road at length became troublesome, and orders were issued for a bayonet charge to capture it. Just at this moment a gust of wind blew away the smoke from the front of the rebels, revealing their exact position. The Twelfth Missouri was designated for the honor of taking the battery, and nobly acquitted themselves, advancing at the *pas de charge* under a terrible musketry fire, possessing themselves of the guns and holding them until their supports came up. Twelve of their men were killed in this charge and a large number wounded. Another gun was shortly after taken in the timber near by, and still another spiked piece on the extreme right of Davis' division.

REBEL STRENGTH WEAKENED.

After sustaining a heavy cannonade for two hours and a half, the rebels showed signs of a desire to leave the ground. Their batteries were withdrawn from the hill and their infantry was fast melting away, large numbers of them, as we since learn, fleeing in terror at the fearful fire under which they had stood. The Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana regiments were ordered to charge, and did so in gallant style; but the rebels were too quick for the movement to succeed in taking the guns. Their infantry fled in disorder, and their artillerymen had barely opportunity to attach their horses to the guns and move them from the field. It was useless to pursue with cavalry, the country being too densely wooded to admit of using this arm of the service. The entire line moved forward to the support of the Indiana regiments, and up and down its entire length the air resounded with cheer upon cheer from our exultant troops. The enemy had been driven from his stronghold, and the victory was upon our banners.

THE REBELS' FLIGHT AND FEDERAL PURSUIT.

Gen. Sigel went in pursuit of the fleeing rebels, following their main body for twelve miles and cap-

turing a considerable quantity of wagons, supplies, &c., several ammunition wagons, a load of powder, and nearly a thousand stand of arms. They fled too rapidly to permit of a capture of the entire force, and on the morning of the 9th, Gen. Sigel's division returned to camp. A portion of the rebels fled to the eastward, felling timber across the road to prevent pursuit. Another portion turned to the westward, fleeing by the way of Bentonville towards the sunny South.

INDIAN ATROCITIES.

The North will of course have heard of the fact that the rebels had some 3,000 Indians under the command of Albert Pike. Also that some twenty of our men who fell in the engagement under Col. Osterhaus, on Friday, and under Gen. Davis on Saturday, and had the misfortune to be left on the field, were foully and fiendishly scalped, murdered, and robbed by these red-skinned wretches. So far as the fighting was concerned, they Indians were not to be taken into account. Notwithstanding the frantic excitement of Pike and others, the could not be made to stand the fire of our men for more than a single round. Our artillery sent them howling back as quick as they made their appearance in a body. It is related, and with some grounds, that these savages seized upon a quantity of whisky belonging to the Confederates on Friday, and becoming furiously drunk, began to fight among themselves. The Arkansians were called upon to quell the riot, when a promiscuous and bloody battle ensued among the Indians and Arkansians, in which several hundred must have been killed and wounded. The Indians, who have thus been so wickedly pressed into the service of the insurrection, became a scourge to their masters and a punishment to themselves.

THE REBEL LOSS.

There are no data as yet by which we can estimate the loss of the enemy. Their dead and wounded on the ground were much more numerous than ours; at least one-half or two-thirds more. For ten miles on the road by which they retreated, the houses were full of wounded. The whole line of buildings on the route hence to Keetsville is one grand hospital. Our entire loss is estimated at little more than a thousand, of whom about one-fourth are killed. A flag of truce reports that Brig.-Gens. McIntosh, Slack and McBride were killed. By numerous prisoners we have a report that Gen. McCulloch was also killed; but the redoubtable ranger has been slaughtered on so many occasions and afterwards, like the first husband of poor Pillicoddy's wife, turned up again, that we are all skeptical. Perhaps Benjamin has been "gathered to his fathers," but nobody at present appears to see it.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

At present all is confusion with reference to the conflict and the various statistics inseparably connected with an engagement. We hardly know what we have accomplished, whether the enemy have fled, what is the extent of his calamity, his present position, his strength, and his designs for the immediate future. Neither are we fully acquainted with our own condition. Our heaviest loss was on the first day, with Col. Carr's division. Our lines sustained but little damage on the second day, notwithstanding the heavy artillery fire under which they stood for two hours.

Capture of Newbern—Official Report.

The following are the official reports of Maj.-Gen. Burnside, commanding the army, and Com. S. C. Rowan, of the Navy:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF N. C., NEWBERN, March 16, 1862.

Gen. L. Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. Army.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, after embarking the troops with which I intended to attack Newbern, in conjunction with the naval force, on the morning of the 11th, a rendezvous was made at Hatteras Inlet. Flag Officer Goldsborough having been ordered to Hampton Roads, the naval fleet was left in command of Commodore Rowan. Early on the morning of the 12th the entire force started for Newbern, and that night anchored off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, some eighteen miles from Newbern, where I had decided to make a landing. The landing commenced by 7 o'clock the next morning, under cover of the naval fleet, and was effected with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops. Many, too impatient for the boats, leaped into the water, and waded waist deep to the shore, and then, after a toilsome march through the mud, the head of the column marched within a mile and a half of the enemy's stronghold at 8 P. M., a distance of twelve miles from the point of landing, where we bivouacked for the night, the rear of the column coming up with the boat howitzers about 3 o'clock next morning, the detention being caused by the shocking condition of the roads, consequent upon the heavy rain that had fallen during that day and the whole of the night, the men often wading knee-deep in mud, and requiring a whole regiment to drag the eight pieces which

had been landed from the navy and our own vessels. By signals agreed upon, the naval vessels, with the armed vessels of my force, were informed of our progress, and were thereby enabled to assist us much in our march by shelling the road in advance.

At daylight on the morning of the 14th, I ordered an advance of the entire division, which will be understood by the inclosed pencil sketch. Gen. Foster's brigade was ordered up the main country road to attack the enemy's left; Gen. Reno up the railroad to attack their right, and Gen. Parke to follow Gen. Foster, and attack the enemy in front, with instructions to support either or both brigades.

I must defer, for want of time, a detailed account of the action. It is enough to say that, after an engagement of four hours, we succeeded in carrying a continuous line of fieldworks of over a mile in length, protected on the river bank by a battery of thirteen heavy guns, and on the opposite bank by a line of redoubts of over half a mile in length for riflemen and field pieces, in the midst of swamps and dense forests, which line of works was defended by eight regiments of infantry, five hundred cavalry, and three batteries of field artillery, of six guns each. The position was finally carried by a most gallant charge of our men, which enabled us to gain the rear of all the batteries between this point and Newbern, which was done by a rapid advance of the entire force up the main road and railroad, the naval fleet meantime pushing its way up the river, throwing their shots into the forts and in front of us. The enemy, after retreating in great confusion—throwing away blankets, knapsacks, arms, and quartermaster's stores, a large quantity of rations, and the remaining troops, a large quantity of rosin, turpentine, cotton, &c., and over 200 prisoners. Our loss, thus far ascertained, will amount to 91 killed and 466 wounded, many of them mortally. Among these are some of our most gallant officers and men. The rebel loss is severe, but not so great as our own, they being effectually covered by their works.

Many of the citizens are returning, and we are now in quiet possession of the city. We have captured the printing press, and shall at once issue a daily sheet. By this victory our combined force have captured eight batteries, containing forty-six heavy guns, and three batteries of light artillery, of six guns each, making in all sixty-four guns, two steamboats, a number of sailing vessels, wagons, horses, a large quantity of ammunition, commissary and quartermaster's stores, forage, the entire camp and equipment of the rebel troops, a large quantity of rosin, turpentine, cotton, &c., and over 200 prisoners. Our loss, thus far ascertained, will amount to 91 killed and 466 wounded, many of them mortally. Among these are some of our most gallant officers and men. The rebel loss is severe, but not so great as our own, they being effectually covered by their works.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and men for their untiring exertions and unceasing patience in accomplishing this work. The effecting of the landing and the approach to within a mile and a half of the enemy's works on the 13th, I consider as great a victory as the engagement of the 14th. Owing to the difficult nature of the landing our men were forced to wade ashore waist deep, march through mud to a point twelve miles distant, bivouac in low marshy ground in a rain storm for the night, engage the enemy at daylight in the morning, fighting them for four hours amid a dense fog that prevented them from seeing the position of the enemy, and finally advancing rapidly over bad roads upon the city. In the midst of all this not a complaint was heard; the men were only eager to accomplish their work. Every brigade, and in fact every regiment, and I can almost say every officer and man of the force landed, was in the engagement. The men are all in good spirits, and under the circumstances are in good health. I beg to say to the General commanding that I have under my command a division that can be relied upon in any emergency.

A more detailed report will be forwarded as soon as I receive the brigade returns. The Brigadier-Generals, having been in the midst of their regiments while under fire, will be able to give me minute accounts.

I beg to say to the General commanding the army that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign; the only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements.

I desire again to bear testimony to the gallantry of our naval fleet, and to express my thanks for their hearty and cheerful co-operation in this movement. Their assistance was timely and of great service in the accomplishment of our undertakings.

I omitted to mention that there was a large arrival of re-enforcements of the enemy in Newbern during the engagement, which retreated with the remainder of the army by the cars and the country roads.

I have the honor, General, to be your obedient servant.

A. E. BURNSIDE, Brig.-Gen. Commanding Department N. C. U. S. STEAMER PHILADELPHIA, OFF NEWBERN, N. C., March 16, 1862. To Flag-Officer L. M. Goldsborough:—Sir: I have the honor to report the capture of all the rebel batteries upon Newbern, the complete defeat and rout of the enemy's forces in this vicinity, and the occupation of Newbern by the combined forces of the United States yesterday (Friday) at noon. Incidents of the expedition, briefly stated, are these: The fleet under my command and that of the army

[From ASAPH, a collection of Sacred and Secular Music, by LOWELL and WILLIAM MASON.]

left Hatteras Inlet at 7:30 on Wednesday morning, the 12th inst., and arrived without an accident or delay at a point which had been selected for disembarking troops, and within sight of the city of Newbern, at sunset on the evening of the same day, when we anchored for the night. On Thursday morning I hoisted my pennant on board the Delaware, at 8:30. Our gunboats commenced shelling the woods in the vicinity of the proposed place of landing, taking stations at intervals along the shore, to protect advance of troops.

At 9:30 A. M. troops commenced landing, and at the same time six naval boat howitzers, with their crews, under command of Lieut. R. S. McCook, of the Stars and Stripes, were put ashore to assist attacks. The army commenced to move up the beach about 11:30 A. M., the debarkation of troops still continuing. In the meantime our vessels were slowly moved up, throwing shells into the woods beyond. At 4:15 P. M. part of the enemy's batteries opened fire on the foremost of our gunboats, which was returned at long range. The troops were now disembarked, and steadily advancing without resistance. At sundown firing was discontinued, and the fleet came to anchor in position to cover the troops on shore.

At 6:30 on Friday morning, the 14th, we heard continuous firing of heavy guns and musketry inland, and immediately commenced throwing our shells in advance of the troops. The fleet steadily moved up. The lower fortifications were discovered to have been abandoned. A boat was sent, and the stars and stripes were placed on the ramparts. As we advanced the upper batteries opened fire upon us, which was returned with effect, the magazine of one exploding.

Having proceeded in one extended line as far as the obstructions in the river would permit, the signal was made to follow the movements of the flag-ship, and the whole fleet advanced in order, concentrating the fire on Fort Thompson, mounting thirteen guns, on which rested the enemy's land defences, the army having, with great gallantry, driven them out of these defences. Several of our vessels were slightly injured in passing piles and torpedoes, which had been placed in the river. The upper battery having been evacuated on the appearance of the combined forces, it was abandoned and subsequently blew up.

We now steamed rapidly up to the city. The enemy had fled, and the place remained in our possession. Upon our approach, several points of the city were fired by the enemy, where stores had been accumulated.

A large raft, composed of barrels of tar and bales of cotton, which had been prepared to send down to the fleet, was fired and floated against a railroad bridge. It was completely destroyed.

A quantity of pitch, tar, a gunboat and another vessel on the stocks, several schooners afloat, and an immense quantity of arms and munitions, fell into our hands.

At about 4 P. M. I sent several of our vessels to the right bank of the Trent river, to carry Foster's brigade to occupy the city of Newbern.

I am, &c., S. C. ROWAN, &c.

The Conduct of the War.

We extract the following graphic passage from a late speech of the eccentric yet successful American now in England, George F. Train.

"I have often read descriptions of the wholesale game-hunting of some lands—the sportsman surrounds the woodland for miles and beats steadily up to the center—where the rattle of rifles deals death and destruction on every side. Such is now the Federal policy.

"No better analogy can be found than that of the Bastille prisoner who was placed in an elegant apartment, with light, and fruit, and flowers. His punishment seemed a luxury, till one day he imagined that, while the proportions of his apartment were the same, the room had lessened in size. Again he looked, and sure enough there was a change. Where is the wonderful machinery? Pale with doubt—listening with suspense—each day he noticed the contraction of the walls. Closer and closer they came—shutting out window after window—but no hand was seen, no noise heard—all was as still as death. His doom was sealed. An inch to-day, another to-morrow—one grip of the four walls, and all was over. The man was pressed to death foot by foot, inch by inch, and he knew not from whence emanated the secret power that crushed him! So is it with this ungodly revolution. Little by little—step by step—battalion by battalion—the camp is being surrounded—and another mail may bring the startling news of the death-knell of treason."

Department of the Mississippi.

NOTHING decisive from Island No. 10. The bombardment by Com. Foote was resumed on Friday, but without definite results. The rebels show no signs of evacuating the place; on the contrary, they are fortifying themselves, building new batteries, mounting new cannon, felling trees, and rapidly pushing forward their means of defence. Their gunboats are also making desperate efforts to get past General Pope's batteries at New Madrid; but have been, thus far, repulsed in every effort.

There is nothing important from the Tennessee river. It is not expected that active operations will commence until the arrival of Gen. Buell's army, unless our forces are attacked by Beauregard.

The latest advices from the rebel camp at Corinth give the strength of the force there at 70,000.

On Sunday last a force was sent to Nicholas Landers, 60 miles south of Savannah, which seized 15,000 pounds of fresh pork, and 4,500 pounds of cured ham and shoulders.

For a long time this has been the mart for the pork business for the Southern Confederacy. Within the last two weeks large quantities have been sent southward by the trains.

Information has been received at headquarters, that a detachment of the 1st Iowa Cavalry, under Captain Thompson, overtook the guerilla band of Colonel Parker on the night of the 28th, about ten miles west of Warrensburg. Fifteen rebels were killed and twenty-five taken prisoners. Among the latter are Colonel Parker and Captain Walton. Our loss was two killed and several wounded.

General Halleck has issued an order that in view of the rapid extension of steamboat navigation into the disloyal States, and the importance of having the boats engaged in such navigation controlled by loyal citizens, it is ordered that all the licenses of pilots and engineers navigating the waters of this Department be revoked after the 15th proximo, and said pilots and engineers take out new licenses from the Supervision Inspector, who will only grant licenses to persons of approved loyalty, or in case of doubt, will require bonds with security for the loyal conduct of such pilots and engineers.

Department of the East.

On Saturday, the 22d, the rebels advanced upon Winchester, under Generals Jackson, Longstreet and Smith, and drove in our pickets with their cavalry. They approached within three miles of the town, and bringing up a battery of artillery, commenced playing on our troops. Gen. Shields ordered Robinson's Ohio battery to return the fire, and while he was directing the operations, a splinter of a rebel shell struck him on the left arm and disabled it. One man and one horse, belonging to the battery, were killed—the only casualties besides this on our side that day. The rebel loss is supposed to

be twelve men. A few of our pickets were captured. At night both armies drew up in front of each other, and awaited morning to renew the contest. The rebel force was 7,000 infantry, 28 pieces of artillery, and 1,200 cavalry.

On Sunday morning the rebels received reinforcements, under Gen. Garnett, amounting to 5,000 more. The Union forces did not exceed 10,000 men, and with the exception of about 500, were of Gen. Shields' division exclusively.

At half-past ten the enemy made a feint on our left, commanded by acting Brig.-Gen. Sullivan, opening a heavy fire of artillery, while the real attack was directed against our right, with the object of flanking it. Gen. Kimble commanded on the right, where the heaviest fighting was done. The enemy were strongly posted in the woods and behind a stone wall, and the rebel artillery was posted on eminences from both sides of their left wing. Our whole artillery force engaged consisted of four batteries of twenty-four pieces in all. The contest raged furiously till 3 P. M., the fighting being done chiefly by the artillery and musketry, at a range of not more than 300 or 400 yards, and often much less. The rebel infantry opposite our right now debouched from the woods, and attempted to capture Doan's battery by a charge. The first effort was nearly successful, but the heavy discharge of grape compelled them to retire in confusion. A second and weaker attempt likewise failed, and the enemy fell back, with heavy loss, behind the stone parapet.

Gen. Tyler now ordered his brigade to charge the enemy's batteries on the left, and a most deadly encounter followed. Twice our men reeled under the storm, but in the third effort they routed the rebels, with tremendous slaughter and loud cheering, capturing two of their guns and four caissons.

Our loss in these struggles was heavy. The enemy's killed and wounded strewn the ground. Now in confusion, their left wing was entirely broken, and their center wavering. On their side, the 4th and 5th Virginia regiments suffered the most. The former was terribly decimated. Several attempts to rally the right wing failed, and to add to the confusion, the Irish battalion of 150 men was brought forward and ordered to fire upon the Union troops.

They refused to fire, and a rebel regiment immediately drove this gallant little band forward, but could not compel them to fire upon the Union army. Forty corpses of the 150 afterwards strewn the field. Meanwhile the rebels gave way on their left and center, with a loss of 700 killed and wounded, and 236 taken prisoners. Besides these, about 1,500 muskets were taken, and many other valuable trophies. Our loss does not exceed 100 killed and 300 wounded.

Gen. Banks, who was on the way to Washington Sunday, returned and resumed command. Gen. Shields' division pursued the enemy beyond Newton, shelling them the whole way. Jackson's men were perfectly demoralized and beyond control. They threw overboard the dead and wounded to lighten the wagons.

On the 26th, Gen. Shields received a dispatch from Banks, dated five miles beyond Strasburg, as follows: "The enemy is still in retreat, and our forces are in hot pursuit. The loss of the rebels has been enormous. They have abandoned the wagons along the road, filled with dead and dying. The houses on the route are now crowded with the wounded and dead. The dwellings in the towns adjacent to the battlefield of Sunday are also found filled with the wounded. The inhabitants aided the rebel soldiers in carrying off the wounded during the day, and in burying them quickly as soon as dead. Our artillery makes terrible havoc among the enemy in their flight, and the rout bids fair to be one of the most dreadful of the war."

Gen. Shields telegraphed on the 26th, that our victory at Winchester has been more fatal to the rebels than at first supposed. The Union prisoners who escaped from Mount Jackson prison, just arrived, saw eight wagons, loaded with dead and wounded, enter Mount Jackson on Monday, at 10 P. M., forty-four miles from the battlefield in thirty hours. The rebels admitted that they had 11,000 in the field; also that they lost between 1,000 and 1,500 in killed and wounded. We are finding their guns at some distance from the side of the road. The blow has struck terror to the heart of the Shenandoah valley.

FAIRFAX, March 27, 1862.

To Brigadier-General Shields:—The General commanding congratulates you and the brave troops under your command, on the splendid achievement commenced in your department, which he has just received. He desires you to follow up rapidly the enemy's troops, as far as Strasburg, if possible.

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE POTOMAC, March 27, 1862.

To Brigadier-General Shields:—The Commanding General congratulates you and the troops under your command, upon the victory gained by your own energy and activity, and their bravery, on the 25d. He is pained to learn that the wound you have received, in the skirmish of the 24th, is more serious than at first supposed.

By command, GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following, as near as at present can be ascertained, are the number of wounded at the battle on Sunday last:—In the 7th Ohio, 45; 29th Ohio, 3; 5th Ohio, 16; 69th Ohio, 24; 8th Ohio, 19; 7th Indiana, 11; 13th Indiana, 13; 14th Indiana, 12; 84th Pennsylvania, 40; 110th Pennsylvania, 36; 1st Virginia, 6; 28th New York, 1; 1st Ohio battery, 1; 29th Pennsylvania, 1; 5th Connecticut, 2; 3d Wisconsin, 1. The list of the killed is not yet received, but the number is believed to be one hundred and fifty. All is quiet at Strasburg to-night.

The following is Gen. Banks' general orders relative to the battle of Sunday:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS, STRASBURG, March 26, 1862.

The Commanding General 5th Army Corps congratulates the officers and soldiers of Gen. Shields' Division, and especially its gallant commander, on the auspicious and decisive victory gained over the rebels on the 23d instant. The division has already achieved a renown against superior forces—against a subtle and barbarous enemy.

N. P. BANKS.

HEADQUARTERS GEN. SHIELDS' DIVISION, Winchester, Virginia.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—Brig.-Gen. Shields congratulates the officers and soldiers of his division upon the glorious victory achieved by them on the 23d inst., near Winchester, Va. They defeated an enemy whose force outnumbered theirs, and who are considered the bravest and best disciplined of the Confederate army. He also congratulates them that it has fallen to their lot to open the campaign on the Potomac. The opening has been a splendid success. Let them inscribe Winchester on their banners, and prepare for other victories.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHIELDS.

The Union troops, on the 26th, advanced upon the rebel outposts beyond Warrenton Junction, driving the enemy, estimated at 10,000, before them, all along the Gordonsville Railroad. The road beyond Warrenton Junction is utterly destroyed, bridges

gone, the cross-ties burned, and the rails burned into every conceivable shape. The Union troops are in excellent health, and are pushing after the retreating rebels as rapidly as circumstances will allow. The telegraph lines will follow the advancing army, and of course are established from day to day.

An excursion party went out from Washington on the Manassas Railroad, about five miles beyond the Junction, cutting away fallen trees and clearing other obstructions from the track. The road was otherwise in perfect order, and the water stations uninjured. They also proceeded on the road to Gordonsville as far as Bristol's Station, at which point the bridge over Broad Run is destroyed.

Mr. James Crockett, who has been an engineer upon the Manassas Gap road nine years, accompanied the party, and fortunately had the keys for unlocking the switches upon the route. He remained with the rebels until their recent evacuation of Manassas, and brought down the re-enforcements of Gen. Johnston when the rebels were retreating at Bull Run last July. He states that the rebels commenced their evacuation of Manassas on the 3d of March. The troops moved off very hurriedly, and were in such great fear of being routed by the advancing Union troops, that their officers threatened instant death to every man who fired a shot, alleging as a reason that the smoke would hasten the Federal advance. The rebel cannon, he says, were of small caliber and few in number; but their amount of stores was enormous, much of which could not be removed, and was burned after the main body of the army had left.

The following, dated at Manassas, March 29, has been received:

Conductor Franks to-day took out a large excursion party to Manassas, consisting of Col. Baker, of the Government Detective Police, with a number of other officials. The telegraph lines were completed to Warrenton Junction last night, and are working admirably. The Colonel, this afternoon, found five cannon, which the rebels had buried, a mile and a half beyond the Junction. It appears that the car broke down, and the guns were tumbled one side of the track and buried, and the ground smoothed over them. Three are iron, the others brass. The heaviest weighs 4,600 pounds. The guns will be taken to Alexandria. The freight train returning from Manassas to Alexandria last night, found several rails placed across the track, just above Fairfax Station, and in the darkness ran over them, but without throwing the locomotives off. These were evidently placed there by Secessionists, as a number of them live in the vicinity, who make no secret of their disloyalty.

We learn via Baltimore, on the 30th ult., the following facts from the Burnside Expedition:

The rebels burned the bridge on the railroad between Newbern and Beaufort, but it is in progress of repair, and the road will soon be in operation between the two places. So far as our informants know, all of whom came from Newbern, and had not been at Beaufort, there is no disturbance of property at the latter place, and a majority of the citizens remained quietly in their homes on the approach of the Federal forces. All the rebel soldiers in the vicinity shut themselves up in Fort Macon. Their number was variously represented by citizens of Beaufort at from 300 to 600 men. The Fort was said to be slightly provisioned, and it was not believed it could hold out more than a week. Its ultimate capture is, of course, a matter of certainty. Gen. Burnside was at Beaufort.

Perfect order reigns at Beaufort. A number of citizens had returned to the place. Gen. Foster is Military Governor of the city.

The rebels were believed to be in strong force towards Kingston, 25 miles on the road to Goldsborough, and their scouts frequently appeared in the vicinity of Newbern.

Intelligence, per steamer Constitution, at Fort Monroe, 28th ult., states that Commander Faraught's fleet numbers 23 vessels, including the Hartford, Pensacola and Brooklyn, and Commodore Porter's mortar fleet numbers 23 vessels. The officers of the Constitution supposed the work of reducing Forts Jackson and St. Phillip was commenced some days since. It was supposed that some of the mortar boats would take position in an inlet in the rear of Fort Jackson, while others would advance within shelling distance in the river, and endeavor to drive the rebels out of the forts. In the meantime the gunboats would silence a battery about a mile below the forts, which protects a barricade of logs. If the forts should continue impervious to the bombs of the mortar fleet, those acquainted with the character and energy of Faraught anticipate that he will lead his whole fleet directly under the guns of the forts, and by repeated broadsides of grape and shrapnel, endeavor to drive the gunners from their posts.

At New York on the 28th ult., the gunboat Huntsville arrived from Key West the 25th. The Niagara, South Carolina, Mohawk, Water Witch, Marion, and eighty other vessels, were at Key West. The prize Magnolia would sail for New York the 26th. The ship Nightingale sailed the 21st for Tortugas and the Passes.

Advices from the Mississippi passes state that heavy firing was heard from some of the passes, where some of our vessels had gone. The remainder of Porter's fleet all left Key West, together with several of our gunboats. An attack on New Orleans was momentarily expected.

An expedition against Apalachicola is in contemplation from Key West. Considerable cotton is stored there, and is defended by thirteen guns and three thousand rebels. The health of the troops at Key West was good. The small pox broke out in a New Hampshire regiment at Tortugas.

Two of the crew of the Magnolia reported great preparations at New Orleans to resist an attack. Several gunboats were building, and martial law will soon be proclaimed.

No truth in the reported capture of Yancey. He engaged passage in the Mallory, which was captured, but changed his mind, and was to sail from Havana in the schooner Break O'Day.

The Huntsville has 200 bales of cotton and 237 bales captured from the rebels. All her officers are well.

The steamer Empire City from Port Royal arrived at New York on the 30th. The following is from the New South newspaper of the 22d inst.:

Gen. Sherman visited Jacksonville on the 19th, and was waited on by a Committee of citizens, who represented the feelings of all in town as strongly Union. Many inhabitants left Jacksonville with the rebels, who threatened to hang all that remained. Bands of rebel regulators or guerrillas were pillaging and destroying all the property of suspected Unionists, under orders from the rebel Gen. Trooper. At Jacksonville, the night before the Union troops arrived, the regulators burned a large foundry, sev-

eral sawmills, and 5,000,000 feet of lumber, a large hotel, and a large dry goods warehouse, supposed to belong to Union men. They threatened to destroy the entire city, but the gunboats making their appearance, they postponed doing so. Many are retiring to Jacksonville—among whom are rebel deserters anxious to take the oath of allegiance, and who state that desertions will be numerous.

The sentiments of Eastern Florida are declared to be loyal, many being willing to take up arms and defend themselves against rebel tyranny, and on one occasion, when the regulators were reported coming, even the women seized arms.

The National troops are treated to every hospitality which the town affords, and people state that they will go with the gunboats if they leave. But measures have been taken to protect them.

The gunboat Ottawa has been 120 miles up the St. Johns river beyond Jacksonville, meeting no opposition, while flags were displayed by the inhabitants, who claim protection of the boat.

Pensacola has been evacuated, including also the forts. Also Forts Barrancas and McRae, and the rebels announce the entire abandonment of Florida. Troops raised in Florida have been ordered off, but refused to go.

General Sherman had issued a proclamation to East Florida in which he states that the troops of the United States come to protect loyal citizens and their property, and enable them to resuscitate the Government. All loyal people who return or remain at home in quiet pursuit of their lawful occupations, shall be protected in all Constitutional rights. The sole desire and intention of the Government is to maintain the integrity of the Constitution and Laws, and reclaim the States which have revolted from national allegiance to their former prosperous and happy condition. He expresses great satisfaction at the evidences of loyalty which he finds, and recommends citizens to assemble in cities, towns, and precincts, throw off the sham government forced upon them, swear true allegiance and fidelity to the Constitution of the United States, organize a government, and elect officers in the good old ways of the past. When this is done, he predicts a return of the prosperous and happy times, a community rescued from want and suffering, and the enjoyment of the fruits of honest labor and the sweets of happy homes, and the consolation of living under the wise and salutary laws due only to an industrious law-abiding people.

At a meeting of the loyal citizens of Jacksonville, Fla., on the 20th, a declaration, a protest, and resolutions were unanimously adopted to the following effect:

That no State has a Constitutional right to separate from the United States.

That the act of secession adopted by the State Convention of Florida is void, being in conflict with the Constitution, and never having been submitted to the people for ratification.

That Florida is an integral part of the United States, subject to Constitutional jurisdiction, and we believe that thousands of her citizens will hail with joy the restoration of the Government, bringing deliverance from the terrors of unrestrained military despotism.

They protest against all the acts and ordinances of the Convention, depriving them of rights as citizens of the United States; against the despotism which denies the freedom of speech and of the press; against contributions of property and labor, and military assistance forced upon them; against tyranny which demands abandonment of houses and property, the exposure of wives and children to sickness, destitution, famine, and untold miseries; against the barbarous policy which sends brutal soldiers to pillage, and burn property and destroy life as a punishment for remaining at their homes; against the government which threatens to hang them because they will not tamely submit to such indignities.

Having been released from such dangers and indignities, and being restored to the Government of the United States, and the reign of terror having passed, it now becomes them as loyal citizens to raise up a State Government. They recommend that a Convention of all loyal citizens be held forthwith to organize a State Government of the State of Florida; also that the Chief of the Military Department of the United States be requested to retain a sufficient force to maintain order and protect the people in person and property.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

The Commission appointed by Gen. Wool, to inquire into the condition of vagrants and contrabands, say in their official report that they started with the general proposition that military power has not only the right, but it is among its highest duties to avail itself of any and all means within its control to perfect its discipline and its position, and secure or make it effective for an advance against an enemy, and for these ends it has the right to compel the service or use from anything animate or inanimate, which military necessity may demand.

The Commission state that a considerable amount of clothing has been distributed among the contrabands, while, with funds derived from their labor, the Quartermaster has issued clothing up to March 1st, to the amount of \$855.

The month ending January 1st, rations were drawn to the extent of \$382 per day, which were issued to about 650 women and children and old and infirm men.

The number of contrabands is given as 1,508, thus distributed:—At Fortress Monroe, 691; at Camp Hamilton, 743; at Camp Butler, and Newport News, 74. Some are employed in trading and oystering, and about 100 by officers and sutlers. Some have accompanied, as servants, officers going South, while others have unceremoniously disappeared. Little inclination is manifested to go North. Comparatively few contrabands now come to our camps. The navy is decidedly popular with them, as therein they are treated as boys, and receive \$10 per month. The Commission point out various abuses, and suggest remedies. It further appears from a report that Gen. Wool has issued an order that hereafter all wages earned by them will be paid to contrabands for their own use and support, under such regulations as may be deemed proper.

The House having addressed an inquiry to the Secretary of War, he responded on the 26th ult., by inclosing a letter from the Assistant Secretary of War, Tucker, in which the latter says that very large transportations by water being required by McClellan, the Quartermaster-General detailed Capt. H. C. Hodges, Assistant-Quartermaster, to this duty, and I was required to assist him. All parties who have offered suitable vessels in answer to an advertisement for transports were required to meet us without further resort to newspapers. It was made as public as possible, that the Government was in

want of transportation, and desired to deal directly with owners. A very large number were chartered by direct negotiation with owners, while some made their application to ship brokers. A decided preference was given to the former. Capt. Hodges and myself received only our regular compensation as Assistant Quartermaster, and Assistant Secretary of War. No other persons have been acting under authority or by direction and permission of Hodges or myself to effect such charters, and consequently no compensation has been or is to be paid for such services, and no person acting directly for the Government has charged the persons for such vessels any percentage on the amount of the charter, or any other compensation.

Frequent applications are made as to the disposal of public lands in Nevada, and as land districts have not yet been organized therein, there are no species of floating claims, and there is no doubt that persons who at present occupy lands will be secured in their locations by future legislation.

The Provost Marshal has issued an order that no liquors will be passed by sentinels at the different ferries and bridges of the District, except by pass from the General Officer, stating purpose, design, quantity and description.

The attempts that are made to connect the present supervision of the telegraph with the censorship lately reported upon by the Congress Committee, render it proper to state that the censorship of telegraph was abolished by the Secretary of War, on taking military possession of the telegraph, and military supervision of the telegrams throughout the United States substituted. The duty of the supervisor is to prevent the transmission by telegraph of information concerning late, present, or contemplated movements of the army of the United States, and all other information which is of military character, that ought to be concealed from the enemy; in all that relates to political or private affairs, the telegraph is as completely unrestricted as before the rebellion.

Postmaster-General Blair has issued the following notice:

To United States Postmasters:—The Secretary of War now regulates the transmission of information by telegraph affecting the conduct of the war. In order to prevent the communication of such information to the rebels, it is also thought necessary by the Secretary to put restriction on the publication of facts of this character, however derived, and the aid of this department is requested for this purpose. You will, therefore, notify publishers not to publish any fact which has been excluded from the telegraph, and disregard of this order will subject the paper to be excluded from the mails.

M. BLAIR, Postmaster-General.

Secretary Chase means to carry out the principle announced some time ago, that commerce shall follow the flag, and has accordingly issued instructions to the Treasury agents, collectors, and surveyors on the Ohio and Mississippi, dispensing with applications to the Secretary for licenses to trade, and authorizing the shipment of all goods not intended to aid the rebellion, to all places occupied by our troops in the valley States. Applications for permits can be made hereafter directly to the Collectors or Surveyors of the District ports.

Secretary Welles has addressed the following letter to Lieut. Worden of the Monitor:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 15, 1862.

SIR:—The naval action which took place on the 10th inst., between the Monitor and the Merrimac, at Hampton Roads, when your vessel, with two guns, engaged a powerful armored steamer of at least eight guns, and after a four hours' conflict repelled her formidable antagonist, has excited general admiration and receives the applause of the whole country.

The President directs me, while earnestly and deeply sympathizing with you in the injuries which you have sustained, but which it is believed are but temporary, to thank you and your command for the heroism you have displayed, and the great service you have rendered.

The action of the 10th, and the performance and the capabilities of the Monitor, must effect a radical change in naval warfare.

Flag Officer Goldsborough, in your absence, will be furnished by the Department with a copy of this letter of thanks, and instructed to cause it to be read to the officers and crew of the Monitor.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES.

The following dispatch was telegraphed to Gen. Shields:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 26.

To Brigadier-General Shields:—Your two dispatches relative to the brilliant achievement of the force under your command have been received. While rejoicing at the success of your gallant triumph, deep commiseration is felt for those who have been victims in the gallant and victorious contest with treason and rebellion.

Your wounds, as well as your success, prove that Lander's brave division is still bravely led, and that wherever its standard is displayed the rebels will be defeated and pursued.

To you, and the officers and soldiers under your command, the Department returns thanks.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The Secretary of the Treasury has recently issued special licenses for commercial intercourse, under the act of July last, which prohibits shipments from those ports of the United States heretofore declared by the President to be in insubordination, without a written permit. The licenses do not extend further than Nashville and intermediate points. Nothing shipped under them is to be disposed of to persons in arms against the government.

It is expected that the new legal tender notes will be paid out by the Treasury about the 1st of April.

The President has unconditionally pardoned two subjects of Great Britain who were convicted three years ago in the District Court of Florida, and sentenced to imprisonment in the District of Columbia penitentiary for seven years, for resisting and preventing the master and pilot of an American vessel in the free and lawful exercise of their authority and command on board thereof. The President, in his proclamation to Marshal Lamson, says the convicts, it now appears, were guiltless of criminal intent, and that Lord Lyons caused special inquiry to be made into the merits of their case, and besought him to extend to them the Executive clemency.

Arrangements are nearly completed for establishing a line of steamers between Washington and Fortress Monroe, so as to secure daily arrivals, the trip to be made in nine hours. The proprietor will extend the facilities for carrying the mails, and it is more than probable that the Post-Office and War Department will encourage the enterprise.

A Military Department to be called the Middle Department, and to consist of the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia, and the counties of Cecil, Harper and Ann Arundell, in Maryland, has been created. Maj.-Gen. Dix is assigned to the command, headquarters at Baltimore.

The Commissioners appointed by the War Department to adjust claims of contracts have made important reductions in the final settlement of some bills. The Commissioners will save the Treasury millions of dollars.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Howard's New Combined Reaper and Mower—R. L. Howard. Dry Goods—Hubbard & Northrop. Steel Amalgam Bells—Cowing & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Cough. Metropolitan Gift Bookstore.

The News Condenser.

There are about 10,000 troops at Ship Island. Gov. Morehead, of Kentucky, has been released from his parole.

Mr. Wm. Lawry, of Georgetown, died a few days since, aged 102 years. Arlington House, Gen. Lee's former mansion, is now an army hospital.

It is not true that Gen. Grant has been superseded. He is still in command. The number of men now employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard is about 3,000.

A gang of counterfeiters was broken up at Laconia, N. H., a few days since. It is said that the Erie canal will not be open this year before the 4th of May.

Yanney, it seems, is not captured, after all. The news was too good to be true. Some 60 gentlemen sat down to a bear supper in Taunton, Mass., Friday evening week.

Another large secession of Bulgarians from the Greek to the Roman Church is reported. The Legislature of New Brunswick has abolished the death penalty, except for murder.

The Commissioners of Emigration report the arrival of 436 emigrants at New York last week. Mr. Russell Scott, who built the Great Eastern, and could not get paid, has just become bankrupt.

The U. S. Senate is now discussing a measure for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. Geo. Yendes, a pioneer settler of Delaware Co., N. Y., died on the 12th inst., aged over 92 years.

They are making a saddle in Cincinnati which will cost \$1,100, as a present for General McClellan. The Second Illinois cavalry have started an army paper, called the Federal Scout, at Columbus, Ky.

New York city has authorized the issue of half a million of bonds, to raise money for harbor defenses. There is now a prospect that the banks, as well as the Government, will soon resume specie payment.

Both Houses of the rebel Congress have passed resolutions advising that no cotton be planted this year. The Australians are making a movement to populate the northern part of Queensland with Chinese laborers.

NEW QUARTER—NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

As a new quarter of the RURAL commences this week, NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE! Agents and friendly Subscribers are requested to present the claims and merits of the paper to their neighbors.

Every addition to our list will aid in maintaining the interest and value of the RURAL during these times that test the purses of publishers.

We can still furnish back numbers from January, so that those desiring it may have the complete volume, or subscriptions can commence now.

OUR SPRING CAMPAIGN!

NO TAX ON KNOWLEDGE, BUT PREMIUMS FOR ITS DIFFUSION!

MORE GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD! PREMIUMS FOR SMALL LISTS!

EVERY CLUB AGENT REWARDED!

Now that the period of competition for the Premiums offered last November for early lists, (and the largest clubs remitted for on or before Feb. 1st), has expired—and as the large lists have already been received—we purpose giving every friend of the RURAL who will obtain a small number of subscribers (say 6 to 24 or more), a valuable Reward for his or her effort in so doing.

Our Programme for the Spring Campaign is in this wise: CASH AND OTHER PREMIUMS.

I. TO EACH OF THE TWENTY-FIVE PERSONS remitting according to our terms, for the largest Twenty-Five Lists of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER between this date and April 15, 1862, we will give a United States Treasury Note for FIVE DOLLARS, (or, if preferred, \$5 in gold),—in addition to one of the premiums offered below.

II. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, for Twenty-Four or more subscribers, as above, we will give (in addition to a free copy of the RURAL), a perfect and handsomely bound volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1861 or 1860—price \$3; or, if preferred to bound RURAL, a copy of LOSSING'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—(an Imperial 8vo. volume, with 300 illustrations—price \$3.50.)

III. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, as above, either \$15 for 10 copies, \$21 for 15 copies, or \$25 for 20 copies, we will give a free copy of the RURAL, and either THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, (price \$1.25), or EVERYBODY'S LAWYER, (price \$1.25), as preferred, or, either one of the books, or package of flower seeds, offered below, if the person entitled prefer.

IV. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, as above, \$10 for six copies, we will give a free copy of RURAL, and either the MANUAL OF AGRICULTURE, or LOSSING'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES, (price \$1), or a dollar package of choice imported Flower Seeds.

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Please write all names plainly, that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly printed in Mailing Machine. All remittances should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y. FEBRUARY 3, 1862.

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Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, April 1st, 1862. These changes are but few and of minor importance, but such as they are not few. Dressed Hogs are declining somewhat in price. There are not many offered on the market, however, and as rates are rather plenty, and 12@18¢ cents per dozen is all that can be obtained. Clover is in demand at advanced rates.

Table with columns for Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, and various other commodities with their respective prices.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31.—FLOUR.—The market opened dull and closed lower. There is a slight downward tendency in prices, with only a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at \$10.25@10.50 for rejected; \$10.00@10.25 for superfine Western; \$9.50@10.00 for common to medium extra Western; \$9.00@9.50 for shipping brands extra round hooped; \$8.50@9.00 for extra brands of market; \$8.00@8.50 for Canadian flour dull and dropping, with a moderate business doing; sales at \$5.25@5.50 for superfine, and \$5.00@5.20 for common to medium extra.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31.—FLOUR.—A quiet market for four, with no change to note in prices. GRAIN.—There is a large supply of Wheat offering, with a limited milling demand, the market ruling in favor of the buyer. Sales of Red Spring State at \$1.18, and Red Winter at \$1.15, and White at \$1.10, and Yellow at \$1.05, and all in round lots, delivered in East Albany. Rye quiet, with a moderate business doing; sales at full price; sales of winter at \$5, and four-corned at \$4.50, and all in round lots, delivered in East Albany. SWEET POTATOS.—Firm and in demand. Quotations unchanged. CHEESE.—Hamburg @9c, with a improved inquiry.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31.—FLOUR.—There is nothing of importance doing in the market at this time. The sales were at \$4.45@4.50 for extra Wisconsin; \$4.20@4.30 for extra Illinois; \$4.15 for extra Ohio and Indiana, and \$3.55@3.75 for the range of double extra.

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BRIGHTON, MARCH 27.—At market, 750 Beef Cattle, 90 Steers, 1,400 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,200 Swine. BEST CALVES—\$4.00@4.50; first quality, \$6.75@7.00; second do, \$6.00@6.50; third do, \$4.75@5.00. VEAL CALVES—\$3.00@3.50. PORK—\$10.00@10.50. LARD—\$10.00@10.50. BUTTER—\$10.00@10.50. EGGS—\$10.00@10.50.

ALBANY, MARCH 31.—BEVERAGES.—The receipts are moderate—about the same as last week—but there is a slight improvement in the average quality, and the price are a fraction better. The market opened with considerable spirit, but closed dull. A number of the New York speculators went on to Buffalo to buy sugar, and several from New York, did likewise. West, anticipating a spring rise in New York, did likewise among them the firm of Rosenthal, Waxwell & Co., who added about 300 head to their own stock. The result was that three sufficient strength to save themselves and earn a small profit on their total sales.

THE WOOL MARKETS. NEW YORK, MARCH 27.—Native Fleece is in limited demand, and the finer qualities are hardly so firm, but the medium and low grades are firm; sales of 500 lbs at 46¢/lb for 4c and medium fine. Pulled is less active, but is steady at 45¢/lb for Super and Extra; 5c for choice extra Country, and 52c for Double extra do. California is scarce and firm. Foreign has 50 do. Cape at 22¢/lb; 2,000 lbs unwashed Mogador at 20¢; 10,000 lbs unwashed Merino at 17¢; 10,000 lbs unwashed Turkey, 25,000 do Rio Grande, and 35 bales Cape on private terms.

Table with columns for various wool types and their prices, including American full-blooded Merino, American native and quarter Merino, etc.

BOSTON, MARCH 27.—The following are the rates for the week: Full blood, \$1.00; 3/4 blood, \$0.95; 1/2 blood, \$0.90; 1/4 blood, \$0.85; 3/8 blood, \$0.80; 1/8 blood, \$0.75; 1/16 blood, \$0.70; 1/32 blood, \$0.65; 1/64 blood, \$0.60; 1/128 blood, \$0.55; 1/256 blood, \$0.50; 1/512 blood, \$0.45; 1/1024 blood, \$0.40; 1/2048 blood, \$0.35; 1/4096 blood, \$0.30; 1/8192 blood, \$0.25; 1/16384 blood, \$0.20; 1/32768 blood, \$0.15; 1/65536 blood, \$0.10; 1/131072 blood, \$0.05; 1/262144 blood, \$0.025; 1/524288 blood, \$0.0125.

At the residence of the bride's father, in Greece, on the 27th inst., at 10 o'clock, P. M., MRS. MARY A. FREDERICK, daughter of SARAH TRUBSDALE, Esq.,

At Rolla, Missouri, in camp, JAMES B. QUICK, formerly of Mendon, aged 32 years.

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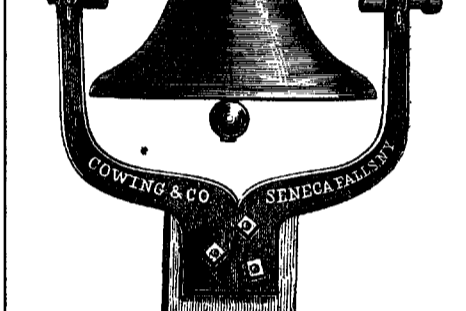
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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
GOD PROSPER THAT BANNER.

BY FRANK FORRESTER.

HARK! to the chorus that rings through the air,
From millions of hearts, from the brave and the fair,—
God bless our loved country, and save by thy might,

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

UNCLE ROGER'S SCALES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"DEAR me!" exclaimed Mrs. ALSTON, holding
up a child's jacket from her mending basket, "nothing
but mend, mend. This jacket is not worth another
stitch, and yet I must spend at least two hours
over it, when I want so much to finish my new dress
before night."
The torn garment was turned over and inspected
with looks of increasing dissatisfaction, but the ugly
rent grew no less, and there was no way but to
attack it resolutely with needle and thread.

to-day she considers herself rich because, by making
fine shirts at fifty cents a pair, she has earned
enough to decently clothe her baby, and purchase a
dark calico for her own holiday dress. Weigh your
lot with her's and see how they will balance. The
great secret of content is, to judge our blessings by
the portion that falls to the lot of those less favored
than ourselves; that is, so far as worldly wisdom
is concerned. There is a nobler wisdom, that teaches
us to be content with such things as we have.

"I know it is all just as you say, uncle ROGER,"
said Mrs. ALSTON, "but somehow I cannot act
upon it. Poverty galls and chafes me dreadfully,
and I cannot see why we must creep where others
fly. To speak right out, why cannot WALTER make
money as fast as Mr. ANDREWS; I am sure he has
five times the talent? We were married at the same
time, our families are the same; but while WALTER
has toiled unceasingly at his business, and we have
lived plainly, dressed plainly, pinched, and saved,
and economized everywhere, they have been sur-
rounded by luxury, and, without ever denying them-
selves a single pleasure, have gone steadily up in
the world. I don't see why?"

"Yes," said Mrs. ALSTON, "I knew they fancied
he was delicate, and sent for a doctor every time he
sneezed."
"HE has epileptic fits," said uncle ROGER, "and
the doctor tells me he is gradually losing his mind.
He will probably be an idiot in a few years. The
family say nothing about it, but you can imagine
what a terrible trial it must be to them."
Mrs. ALSTON could easily imagine, and with a
shudder at the dreadful thought, her eye sought for
her own little WILLIE, at play in the yard below.
What if it were he? Would there be anything
bright and beautiful enough in the world to lighten
the cloud of sorrow for one moment? There were
tears in the mother's eyes as she folded up the little
half worn garment to replace it in her basket. She
did not envy Mrs. ANDREWS now, and as she saw
her coming up the street, she even fancied she saw
a sad and careworn expression upon the pretty face
of her wealthy neighbor, and she pitied her in her
heart.

"One thing more, ALICE," said uncle ROGER, as
she was putting away her work; "don't be vexed
with an old man for telling you that you make your
lot a great deal harder than it might be by your
wastefulness in throwing away so many precious
things that are given to you?"
Mrs. ALSTON looked surprised, and uncle ROGER
went on. "This afternoon, when JENNY and WILLIE
came in from the woods with their flowers, their
whole souls were filled with the pure happiness
kindled by the pleasant ramble, and the sweet
blossoms were as precious to them as gold to the miser.
Their first thought was an eager wish to share their
pleasure with you, and in their childish impatience
they were, perhaps, rather too thoughtless of the
mud. It was a little provoking, no doubt, to have
a clean dress spoiled, but it was not worth spoiling
the joyousness of two little loving hearts for. The
children came like a burst of sunshine into the
room, with their happy faces and their fragrant
flowers, but you sent them away in a cloud. There
was something lost from your life then, ALICE."
Mrs. ALSTON made no answer save by her thought-
ful face; but in a few moments JENNY came quietly
into the room, bearing in her hands a vase of the
wild flowers. She glanced at her mother, hesitated
a minute, then placed them upon the mantel.

weighs with an even hand the deeds and the motives
of our daily life; and many a life that the world
praises for its greatness, may be lighter than vanity
in His balance.

SHOT ON PICKET.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
BY SHIRLEY CLAIR.

DARKLY, drearily the shadows deepened. Black
clouds flitted across the sky, obscuring the few
faintly glimmering stars that strove to shed their
silvery beacon light upon the somber scene.
Through the lofty pines the hoarse November winds
swept with a mournful wail, as though the wind-god
sighed at the scenes of devastation over which
he roamed. The steep mountain-tops loomed up
rugged and shadowy, while from the distance floated
up the roar of the swollen torrent, as it rushed
madly down the rocky gorge. In the full vigor of
his fresh young manhood, a proud form paced his
solitary beat. The dark ring of his silky hair clustered
around his smooth white brow, and floated out
from under his crimson cap. His flashing black
eyes peered cautiously around, as though seeking
to pierce the darkness. How many thoughts were
teeming through his busy brain! Thoughts of
home, friends, country. He remembered why he
was thus standing in the silent watches of the night,
in one of the dreary mountain passes of Virginia.
Tighter he grasped his trusty rifle, fiercer flashed
the black eyes, as he thought how the sacred star-
gemmed flag had been trampled in the dust. The
fair still face of the dead ELSWORTH rose up before
him, while the pale lips seemed to whisper, "I gave
my life's blood for that flag! Oh! my countryman,
avenge thou its downfall!" Then came another, his
boyhood's playmate, his bosom friend; stretched
stark and cold upon the battle-field, the poor mutilated
hand, from which the betrothal ring had been torn,
folded over the pulseless breast. "Poor
HARRY! noble fellow!" he murmured, while the
dewy mist gathered in his eye. Hark! did not his
quick ear catch the sound of a stealthy footstep?
No, it was but the rustle of the tasseled pines swaying
in the wind. "Poor LARRY! how he longed
for the time to come when on the battle-field he
could avenge his fall!" The came the vision of the
deadly fray; how unflinchingly he would meet the
foe; what laurels he would win for himself, and how
proudly the loved ones would welcome him.
Instinctively his hand sought his breast, and nestled
over his heart.

Bright tinted ivy festombed the low porch, many
colored asters nodded their heads in the wind across
the white gravelled walk. In-doors a pleasant looking
woman, whose black hair was threaded with
silver, moved quietly about her household duties.
An aged man, with bentform, dim eyes and snowy
locks sat in the chimney corner. Soon a stalwart
man entered the room, throwing his hat aside. The
woman paused, stepping eagerly to his side; "What
news, PAUL; any letter from our boy?" "Yes!"
querulously questioned he grandfather, "any news
from our CHARLIE?" "No, wife; no, father, none;
but never fear, we'll hear soon!" Over the wires
flew the message that was to bring desolation to the
little home. "CHARLIE dead! shot on picket."
"Our only one, our darling! dead! Oh! God be
merciful!" What wonder that the fond mother
wept, and refused to be comforted? or that the
doing father groaned in agony. The old grand-
father (as they told him of his grandson's last
words) rebuked them. "Children, weep not, but
rather rejoice; for by lood such as his shall that
glorious flag be washed free from the stain it too
long has borne, and the chains of the bondsmen rent
in twain!"

And the pale fair girl with golden hair, whose
blue eyes looked out into the night and prayed God
keep the absent one? Shot on picket! her CHARLIE!
Never more would the right eyes meet hers with
loving glances. Braver! noble heart! soldier for-
ever! Brighter and brighter shone the blue eyes,
paler and paler the slender form. A little while—
then snow wreaths drifted over a new-made grave!
They brought him and laid him there beside her.
Noble CHARLIE! brave heart!

Wit and Humor.

WAR WIT.
THE MARKETS.—Batteries.—There has been a
decided advance on rebel batteries, particularly on
the Cumberland, and the entire stock was closed
out and charged to profit and loss, the rebels taking
the loss.
Bacon.—A decided movement in rebel stocks,
both in Tennessee and Missouri, two principal hold-
ers, Price and Floyd, at last accounts being busy in
saving their's with great diligence.
Navigation.—A high boated stage on the Cumber-
land and Tennessee rivers, is fatal to a large amount
of rebel property exposed on the banks. Several
boats have discharged their cargoes with great pre-
cision, consignees making an assignment from over-
stock.

Exchange.—Southern exchange is easy and declin-
ing, plenty offering and taken in two large lots, the
little balance of "three hundred," recently an-
nounced against the Government, being now "on
the contrary quite the reverse."—Chicago Tribune.
CHANGE OF TUNE.—A gentleman whose slave
accompanied a young Confederate officer on the
Wildcat expedition, asked the darkey on his return
to Nashville, how long the army was on the march
from its encampment to the battle-field. "About
four days," was the reply. "Well, how long were
they marching back?" "About two days, massa."
"Why, how is that, Joe? Could the men travel any
faster back, when they were broken down with four
days march and severe fight, than they traveled for-
ward, after a good rest in camp?" "Oh, I'll tell
you what made the difference, massa," said old Joe;
"it was the music. They marched toward Wildcat
to the tune of Dixie. When they marched back,
the tune was, 'Fire in the mountains—run, boys,
run!'"

HALLECK'S JOKE.—General Halleck was lately
gullty of giving expression to the following bon
mot: Col. Wyman, the commandant at Rolla, on
being ordered by Gen. Curtis to join him with his
regiment, telegraphed to St. Louis for instructions
as to what he should do with his post, as there was
no one to relieve him of his command. In reply to
his message, Gen. Halleck sent him the following:
"Stick the post in the ground, and go on."

PRENTICEANA.
WHILE paper is so exceedingly scarce in the
South, we can't see why the Confederate authorities
are permitted to waste it by printing Confederate
notes upon it.
THE smoke and flame of battle usually begrime
and blacken flags, but they bleached Buckner's
black flag to what passed for white.

JEFF DAVIS says that the Southern Confederacy
has no floating debt. True, the poor creditors may
consider it sunk.
ALL the stay-laws in the world couldn't make the
rebel armies stay at any point which the Union
armies are approaching.

THE rebels at Memphis had better strike for New
Orleans. We guess their "rights" are somewhere
down that way.
WE have received a Charleston paper two or
three weeks old. It has intelligence of Gen. Pil-
low's hemming in the Federal forces near Fort
Donelson. Poor Pillow's hems were ripped out
rather unceremoniously.

The Democrat says that Jeff. Davis has lost the
Border States. But he never had them to lose. For
instance, he never had Kentucky. He only "put
his foot in it." And in return Uncle Sam has put
his Foote in Tennessee.

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